

THE ATTENAEUM

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No. 1507.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—

JUNIOR SCHOOL, under the Government of the Council of the College.
Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, A.M.
The SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 3rd of September, for NEW PUPILS. All the boys must appear in uniform without fail on Wednesday, the 4th, at a quarter-past nine o'clock.

The session is divided into three terms, viz. from the 23rd of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 1st of August.

The yearly payment for each pupil is 13s. of which 6s. is paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from a Quarter-past Nine to Three-quarters-past Three o'clock.

The afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to Drawing.

The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French and German Languages, Ancient and English History, Geography (both Physical and Political), Arithmetic and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, Social Economy, Vocal Part Music, Singing, Gymnastics, Fencing, and Drawing. Any pupil may omit Greek, Latin, and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education. There is a general examination of the pupils at the end of the session, and the prizes are then given.

At the end of each of the first two terms there are short examinations, which are taken into account in the general examination. No absence by a boy from any one of the examinations of his classes is permitted, except for reasons submitted to and approved by the Head Master.

The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment. A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parents.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College. CHAS. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The COLLEGE LECTURES in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of October, at 8 o'clock, of the Faculty of Arts on TUESDAY, 14th of October, August, 1856.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.—

INSTRUCTION IN ART may be obtained by Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses of Parish and other Public Schools, by Pupil-Teachers and the Public generally, at the Schools of Art established in the following places:—

Metropolitan District Schools.—Spitalfields, Crispin-street—Westminster, Mechanics' Institution, Great Smith-street—St. Thomas' Charterhouse, Goswell-street—Finsbury, William-street, Westminster-square, Rotherhithe, Grammar School, Deptford-road—St. Martin's, Castle-street, Long-acre—Kensington, Gore House, Kensington Gore—Lambeth, Prince's-road.

These Schools will re-open on the 1st of October.

The NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL for MASTERS will be hereafter conducted at Kensington, where Public Classes for Male and Female Pupils in advanced studies are also conducted.

Localities wishing to establish Schools or Public Schools to receive instruction, may ascertain the terms on which aid is given by the Department of Science and Art, by letter addressed to the Secretary at the Offices of the Department, Cromwell-road, Kensington Gore South, London W.

NORMAN MACLEOD, Registrar.

METROPOLITAN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE

APPLIED TO MINING AND THE ARTS.

Director—Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, D.C.L. M.A. F.R.S., &c.
During the Session 1856-57, will commence on the 1st of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, M.A. F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy. By John Perry, M.D. F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. By W. H. Smith, M.A.
5. Mining. By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Geology. By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics. By G. G. Stokes, M.A. F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. Binns.

The fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the laboratories) is 30s. for two years, in one payment, or two annual payments of 15s.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, at a fee of 10s. for the term of three months. The same fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Perry. Tickets to separate courses of lectures are issued at 2s. 6d. and 4s. each. Officers in the Queen's or the East India Company's Service, Acting Mining Agents, and Managers, may obtain tickets at half the usual charges.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in education, are admitted to the lectures at reduced fees. H. H. the Prince of Wales has granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established.

For a prospectus and information apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—CRYSTAL

PALACE—Now Exhibing, in the Aisle of the Central Transept, adjoining the Italian Court.

Mr. W. O. WILLIAMS'S TRACINGS from the original Frescoes by GIOTTO, at Padua.

Also, an entire set of the FAC-SIMILES of ANCIENT IVORY CARVINGS, published by the Society.

Printed Catalogues of the Fac-similes, and 'Descriptive Notices' of the Society's Collections, with a Prospectus annexed, may be obtained in the News Room, Crystal Palace.

Office of the Arundel Society, 24, Old Bond-street.

JOHN NORTON, Secretary.

LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL AND SUR-

GICAL COLLEGE, MILE END, 1856-57.

The next WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, October 1st, 1856, when the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE will be delivered by Professor BENTLEY, at 3 p.m.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on OCTOBER 1st, with an Introductory Address by Mr. M'WHINNIE, at Seven o'clock, p.m.

LECTURES.
Medicine—Dr. Burrows and Dr. Daly.
Surgery—Mr. Lawrence.
Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Skye.
Physiology and Morbid Anatomy—Mr. Paget.
Chemistry—Dr. Stenhouse.
Superintendence of Dissections—Mr. Holden and Mr. Savory.

SUMMER SESSION, 1857, commencing MAY 1.

Materia Medica—Dr. F. Farre.
Botany—Dr. Kirk.
Forensic Medicine—Dr. Black.
Midwifery, &c.—Dr. West.
Comparative Anatomy—Mr. M'Whinnie.
Practical Chemistry—Dr. Stenhouse.

Hospital Practice.—The Hospital contains 650 beds, and relief is afforded to more than 30,000 patients annually. The In-patients are visited daily by the Physicians and Surgeons, and Clinical Lectures are delivered on the Medical Cases, by Dr. Burrows and Dr. Farre; on the Surgical Cases, by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Skye; on Diseases of Women, by Dr. West. The Out-patients are attended daily by the Assistant-Physicians and Assistant-Surgeons.

Collegiate Establishment.—Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the rules of the collegiate system, established under the direction of the Treasurer and a Committee of Governors of the Hospital. Some of the Teachers and other Gentlemen connected with the Hospital also receive Students to reside with them.

Scholarships, Prizes, &c.—At the end of the Winter Session, Examination will be held for two Scholarships of the value of £50 for a year. The Examination will be given by THOMAS BEALE, Esq. F.R.S. and F.R.S.E. on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of October, at 3 o'clock.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must produce satisfactory testimony as to their Education and Conduct. They are required to pay 40s. for the first year, 40s. for the second year, and 10s. for every succeeding year of attendance; or 100s. in one payment, entitling a student to a perpetual Ticket.

Clinical Clerks, Dressers, Ward Clerks, Dressers' Reporters, Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the Eye Ward, are selected according to merit, from those students who have attended a second year.

Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required. Guy's Hospital, August, 1856.

GUYS, 1856-7.—THE MEDICAL SESSION

COMMENCES on the 1st of OCTOBER.

The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by THOMAS BEALE, Esq. F.R.S. and F.R.S.E. on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of October, at 3 o'clock.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must produce satisfactory testimony as to their Education and Conduct. They are required to pay 40s. for the first year, 40s. for the second year, and 10s. for every succeeding year of attendance; or 100s. in one payment, entitling a student to a perpetual Ticket.

Clinical Clerks, Dressers, Ward Clerks, Dressers' Reporters, Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the Eye Ward, are selected according to merit, from those students who have attended a second year.

Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required. Guy's Hospital, August, 1856.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.—The

WINTER SESSION will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 1st, with an Introductory Address, at Eight o'clock, p.m.

The Hospital contains upwards of 300 beds, of which 185 are for Surgical, and 115 for Medical cases. More than 1,600 Out-patients were attended during the past year.

Fee for eighteen months' Medical and three years' Surgical Practice, 30s.

Fee for attendance on the Hospital Practice and Lectures required by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Company, 70s. This sum may be paid by instalments of 30s. at the beginning of the First Session, 30s. at the beginning of the Second Session, and 10s. at the beginning of the Third Session.

For further information, or prospectuses, apply to Dr. Freer, the Dean of the School; to Mr. De Morgan, Treasurer to the School, at the Hospital, daily, from One o'clock to Six; or to Dr. Colclough, the Medical Officer; or to Mr. Shelden, the Secretary to the Hospital.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, 1, Torrington-

street, Russell-square, for the Study of general or applied Chemistry, Analysis or Assaying, under the direction of Mr. B. H. PAUL, Ph.D. F.C.S., late Principal Assistant in Mr. Graham's Chemical and Assay Laboratories at University College.

The Laboratory is open daily from Nine till Five. Fee, including use of Apparatus, Chemicals, &c.—One month, 2s. 6d.; Three months, 12s. 6d.; Six months, 20s.

EVENING COURSE of Analytical Chemistry, from Six till Nine daily, except Saturdays, to commence on the 1st of October. Fee, including Apparatus, &c.—One month, 2s. 6d.; Three months, 12s. 6d.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34,

Soho-square.—Mrs. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools to her Register of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE for the SONS

of GENTLEMEN, 25, Somerset-street, Portman-square, under influential Patronage, and conducted by Professors of Ability and Experience. The Term begins Sept. 15.—For Prospectus apply to the Director of the Institute; or at Booth's Library, Polytechnic, Regent-street.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SYDNEY.—The

Legislature and Government of New South Wales, having founded a Grammar School in the City of Sydney, have applied to Professor Malden, M.A. University College, London; to Professor Jowett, M.A. Balliol College, Oxford; to Professor Horby, M.A. University of Durham; to W. Hopkins, Esq. M.A. University of Cambridge; and to Sir Charles Nicholson, Provost of the University of Sydney, to act as a Committee for the selection of a HEAD MASTER, MATHEMATICAL MASTER, and TWO ASSISTANT MASTERS for that Institution.

Information as to the duties to be performed, and the conditions under which the appointments are to be made, may be obtained at the University College, London, or at the residence of Charles C. Atkinson, Esq., to whom all applications, accompanied by testimonials, must be forwarded, on or before Monday, the 20th of October next.

CHARLES NICHOLSON, 20, King-street, St. James's, Sept. 9, 1856.

WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—The Com-

missioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings GIVE NOTICE, that it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to erect a MONUMENT in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the Memory of the late Duke of Wellington, and that the Commissioners are prepared to receive Designs for the same from Artists of all Countries.

A Drawing showing the Ground Plan of the Cathedral and the Site of the proposed Monument, together with a statement of the Premiums, and other particulars, will be forwarded to Artists on application by letter addressed to me at this Office.

ALFRED AUSTIN, Secretary.

Office of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, Whitehall.

London, Sept. 4, 1856.

LADIES' COLLEGE, 47, Bedford-square.—

The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE, for the COLLEGE, on MONDAY, the 18th of OCTOBER; for the SCHOOL, on THURSDAY, the 2nd of OCTOBER. Particulars may be had on application at the College.

J. MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

THE PROPRIETRESS of a First-rate LADIES'

INSTITUTION at BERLIN has made arrangements for the reception of BRITISH BOARDERS; and it is her definite object to provide for them those advantages of social intercourse, and of the highest literary and artistic development which Berlin prominently offers in its character as a metropolis, and as the centre of North German Protestant culture. Terms from 60s. to 75s. per annum. For further particulars address to P. D. 45, care of Messrs. Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL, PECKHAM,

SURREY, is adapted for First-class MERCANTILE INSTRUCTION, and supported by leading firms in London and the Provinces, so that every pupil is, as far as possible, well grounded in English, made to write a hand fit for business, and taught to be quick at Accounts. Further study is also liberally provided for. Pupils are specially trained for the requirements of the Civil Service, or to pass the Examinations proposed by the Society of Arts.

A few Boarders are received, and several hours' work extra instruction afforded them. The terms are moderate, including all those charges which often make the real very different from the apparent cost of education.

Communications from different parts of the City pass the door of the Middle School at frequent intervals. Prospectuses may be had from the Principal, J. YEATS, F.R.G.S.

LADIES' COLLEGE, THE WOODLANDS,

UNION-ROAD, CLAPHAM RISE.

The Session will commence on Monday, September 18th, when the Classes will be formed for French, German, Italian, History, Algebra, Mathematics, English Literature, Drawing, Singing, Music, &c.

On Monday, October 8th, Dr. Lankester will commence a Course of Lectures on the Physical History of the Human Race.

On Thursday, October 9th, Dr. Leitch will deliver a Lecture on the Importance of Chemistry as a Branch of General Education, being introductory to a Course on the Elementary Principles of Chemistry.

Fourteen Young Ladies are received as Boarders.

RAWDON HOUSE, Hoddesdon, Herts.—

This ESTABLISHMENT for YOUNG LADIES, formerly conducted by Mrs. ELLIS and Mrs. HUREY, and now under the management of Miss (A.) ELLIS, and her friends, Miss JACKSON and Miss STICKNEY, RE-OPENED on the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A. of Oxon,

RECEIVES into his House a LIMITED NUMBER of YOUNG GENTLEMEN, to prepare for the Public Schools and Oxbridge Universities. There is a VACANCY for ONE. Terms moderate.—Apply to Rev. W. M. Law's, 121, Fleet-street.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—A Literary Gentleman, re-

sident four miles from Ryde, a Layman, highly cultivated, and of great experience in tuition, RECEIVES FIVE PUPILS, from 10 to 16. Terms, 50s. to 100 guineas. The advantages offered are—A climate of unequalled salubrity, a gentlemanly home, and an amount of individual attention not attainable in larger establishments.—Address X., Post-office, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

EDUCATION IN BRUSSELS.—FRENCH

and GERMAN PROTESTANT SCHOOL, for the Education of Young Gentlemen.

Conducted by M. G. ACKER, Rue des Sola, 52.

All the comforts of a cheerful and friendly home are combined with the most careful and regular instruction in every branch of a good solid Education. Terms, 60s. per annum. Reference may be obtained of M. le Pasteur Becker, Chaplain to H.M. the King of the Belgians; John Monkton, Esq. Town Clerk, Maidstone, Kent; Thomas Boorman, Esq. Kingston, Surrey.

EDUCATION AT PASSY LES PARIS.—

TWO LADIES, Natives of France, who have obtained the Diplomas of the Sorbonne and the Hotel de Ville, receive SIX PUPILS, whose friends wish them to complete their Education, and to choose of an English family. Candidates for Military, Naval, and Civil Service appointments are prepared for the examination.—For Prospectus, &c. apply to Messrs. Rogers & Co., College School, Camberwell, London.

PONT DE BRIQUES, near Boulogne-sur-Mer.

First station on the Paris Railway, 100 miles from Paris. B.A. University of France, receives a LIMITED NUMBER of ENGLISH PUPILS, who personally instruct in the French language, literature, and History. The same and habits of the French people are taught. Candidates for Military, Naval, and Civil Service appointments are prepared for the examination.—For Prospectus, &c. apply to Messrs. Rogers & Co., College School, Camberwell, London.

BELGIAN FREE-TRADE CONGRESS

INTERNATIONAL CUSTOMS REPORTS MEETING at BRUSSELS, SEPTEMBER 22, 23, 24. ADVICE CARDS of Organisation, &c. forwarded, and inquiries received, on application to the London Office of the Congress.

9, NEW PALACE-YARD, WESTMINSTER.

THE MESMERIC INFIRMARY is in active operation at 36, Weymouth-street, Portland-place. Subscriptions will be thankfully received. Post-office orders to be made payable to **W. FRADELLI, Secretary.**

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—J. A. BRODHEAD & Co. AUCTIONEERS and GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 33 and 35, Tremont-street, BOSTON, UNITED STATES, respectfully solicit CONSIGNMENTS of Books, Engravings, Paintings, and Objects of Art and Virtù generally. They pay especial attention to the Sale of such Consignments, and insure for their English friends good prices, liberal advances (when desired), and prompt returns, in all cases. References: Hon. R. B. Campbell, United States Consul, London; Hon. Jefferson Davis, Secretary-at-War; Hon. James Campbell, Postmaster-General; Hon. Robert McClelland, Secretary of the Interior; Hon. John M. Brodhead, Comptroller, United States Treasury; Washington, D. C. United States; Hon. N. P. Banks, Speaker of U. S. House of Representatives, Washington.

J. A. BRODHEAD & Co. Boston, United States.

Sales by Auction.

SALE by AUCTION of the Select Library of the late TIMOTHY BENTLEY, Esq.

AT THE DE GREY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, YORK, on THURSDAY, September 18, at 11 o'clock, A.M. The BOOKS are chiefly in very fine condition, and comprise among other the Works of Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford Edition, proof illustrations, in elegant morocco bindings.—In Folio: Handbound bound copies of the Prayer-Book and Bible, in morocco, on velvet cushion-stands, 4 vols.—*Black-letter Book 1661*—Wicks' Spices and Towers of England, 4 vols.—and other Architectural Works, &c. &c.—In Quarto: Ames's Typographical Antiquities, by Diddin-Yates' Bibliotheca Britannica—Archæologia, 21 vols.—William's Oriental Field Sports—Brown's Royal Minister—Scott's Border Antiquities—Bewick's Vignettes, &c. &c.—In Octavo: Todd's Milton—Milton's Milton, Poetry and Prose—Allison's Europe, library edition—Beauclaire's England and Wales—Spenser's Works, 5 vols.—Malone's Shakespeare, fine paper copy—Campbell's British Poets, 7 vols.—Harcourt's Miscellaneous Poets, 10 vols.—and in 12mo, &c. &c. including a very superior selection of beautifully illustrated and illuminated Works, and Books of Modern Miscellaneous Reading.

The whole will be on view the day prior and on the day of Sale, at the Catalogue forwarded by post on receipt of four postage stamps to the Auctioneer, Mr. Thomas TAYLOR, No. 49, Concy-street, York.

To Printers, Printers' Brokers, &c.

MESSRS. DEW & KEYSELL have received Instructions to SELL by AUCTION, on the Premises, 120, Aldersgate-street, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, September 16 and 17, by order of the Executors of the late Messrs. S. & F. SHARWOOD, the whole of the SECOND-HAND STOCK of PRINTING MATERIALS, comprising about ten tons of Book and Fancy Letter, from the principal foundries, Frames, Blocks, Chases, Letter-press, Lithographic and Copperplate Presses, 4 in. Ram Hydraulic Press, Bookbinders' Rolling Machines, Handing Presses; also, a Working Model of an Hydraulic Press, &c.

Catalogues, with printed specimens of the Type, to be had of the Auctioneers, 12, Bishopsgate-street Without. N.B. Messrs. D. & K. wish particularly to impress upon the Trade that the whole will be sold without reserve, the Premises being let.

To Typefounders, Printers' Brokers, &c.

MESSRS. DEW & KEYSELL will SELL by AUCTION, on the Premises, 120, Aldersgate-street, on WEDNESDAY, September 17, at 12 o'clock, in one lot, by order of the Executors of the late Messrs. S. & F. SHARWOOD, the PLANT and STOCK of their POLYTYPE BUSINESS, consisting of Fly Press and Lead Trough, Dabbling Machine, Surface Lathes, with side rest, Furnace and Press, Iron Moulds and Scores, Vice, Planes, Blocks, &c.; also, the Matrices for 12 founts of Ornamental Letter, upwards of 1,200 Matrices for Ornaments, 1,500 Original Woodcuts, and about 1,200 Metal Patterns for Ornamental Borders, &c. The whole of the Stock in Trade, consisting of 3,500 casts, and about 500 specimen books (unbound) will be included in the purchase.

Specimens may be seen and particulars had on the Premises and of the Auctioneers, 12, Bishopsgate-street Without.

To Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Nurserymen.—Important Sale at the Bagshot Nursery.

MR. J. C. STEVENS begs to announce that he has received instructions from Messrs. STANDISH & NOBLE, who are dissolving partnership, to SELL by AUCTION, at the Nursery, Bagshot, Surrey, on the days mentioned below, a portion of their Stock, which includes about—

- 700 specimens of the most choice and rare CONIFERS and other Ornamental Plants.
- 350 BERBERIS JAPONICA, Beall and Intermedia, all of which proved themselves perfectly hard (vide description, Journ. Hort. Soc. vol. v. p. 20; and Paxton's 'Flower Garden,' vol. i. p. 11).
- 300 P. EONIES, Fortune's new varieties; imported plants, and now fine specimens.
- 1,000 CEPHALOTAXUS FORTUNII, from 6 inches to 3 feet. This Ornamental Plant has also proved itself superlatively hardy.
- 300 SKIMMIA JAPONICA.
- 1,000 SIKKIM RHODODENDRONS, including Dalhousie, Falconeri, Fungens, Egworthi, Thompsoni, &c. &c.
- 5,000 (about) American Plants, including some of the choicest HYDRANGEA, RHODODENDRONS, and AZALEAS.
- 10,000 STANDARD ROSES, and 5,000 DWARF ROSES, including the established favourites Jules Margottin, General Jacqueminot, Gloire de Dijon, Madame Edouard Roy, and all the newest and best introductions, together with a great variety of other hardy Ornamental Plants.

The Plants in Pots and the American Plants will be sold on MONDAY, October 13, and four following days; and the Roses and other Plants on MONDAY, November 17, and four following days.

The Stock will be on public view ten days before each Sale, when Catalogues may be had (each at 1s. each), returnable to the purchaser at the Nursery, and of Mr. J. C. STEVENS, 33, King-street, Covent-garden.

Approved bills at three months' date will be taken of purchasers from 50l. to 100l., and at six months' date of purchasers above 100l. The Sunningdale Station on the South-Western Railway is within about two miles of the Nursery.

LEONARD & CO., AUCTIONEERS, SALE ROOMS, TREMONT-ROW, BOSTON, U.S. The Subscribers respectfully solicit Consignments for Public Sale in Boston, U.S., for the Exhibition and Sale of which they have unequalled facilities, and will return prompt account of Sales.—Refer to THOMAS & Co., London, and to **LEONARD & CO., Boston, U.S.**

PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the next Number are requested to be sent to the Publishers on or before the 15th of September. Taylor & Francis, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 48.—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion in the above, should be sent to the Publishers by the 20th, and BILLS by the 24th instant. London: Jackson & Walford, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THE EDINBURGH NEW PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the above must reach the Publishers not later than the 22nd; and BILLS by the 24th. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

THE PRACTICAL MECHANIC'S JOURNAL, Part 102, for SEPTEMBER, price 1s. contains a double Plate Engraving, 30 Woodcuts, and many Articles describing recent Inventions and Improvements, with List of all the New Patents. Hebert, 38, Chapside. Editor's Office (Office for Patents and Designs), 47, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

Handsome bound in cloth, with Ninety-three Wood Engravings, price 6s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, and CONFIRMATIONS OF SACRED HISTORY, from the MONUMENTS OF EGYPT. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D. London: D. Bogue, 56, Fleet-street.

This day, price 10s. 6d. post 8s. cloth, with Maps and Woodcuts, **SOUTHERN AFRICA: a Geography and Natural History of the Country, Colonies, and Inhabitants.** By the Rev. FRANCIS PLEMMING, M.A., F.R.G.S., Author of 'Kaffiria.' Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. 25, Paternoster-row; Thomas Priest, Norwich.

Price 2s. 6d. each, **DE PORQUET'S First French Reading-Book,** Parisian Spelling-Book, Parisian Phraseology, Premiers Pas, in French & Foreign Languages, of Colins, Weights, Measures; Vocabulary and French Genders, in two colours, red and blue; Italian Annotations (price 2s.). London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

ENGINEERING SCHOOL CLASS-BOOKS. 1. In cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bd. with 220 Diagrams engraved for the Work, **EUCLED'S ELEMENTS OF PLANE GEOMETRY, with EXPLANATORY APPENDIX, and SUPPLEMENTARY PROPOSITIONS for Exercise.** Adapted for the Use of Schools, or for Self-instruction. By W. D. COOLEY, A.B.

Author of the 'History of Maritime and Inland Discovery,' 'The Negroland of the Arabs,' &c.

"A neat and cheap edition of the universal introductions to mathematics, and a series of the Elements, which the great Alexandrian clothed his expositions. Mr. Cooley has added an Appendix of additional matter to exercise the student, and the best mode of pursuing it."—*Spectator.*

Mr. Cooley seems almost to wish to contradict his own motto—that 'there is no royal road to Geometry; for following in the steps of Playfair, he has considerably diminished both the volume of the work, as well as the labour of the student. Prefixed to the Elements are some remarks on the study of mathematics, as valuable for the elegance of their style as for the correctness of their reasoning.'—*Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

Uniform with the 'Elements,' price 3s. 6d. **COOLEY'S GEOMETRICAL PROPOSITIONS DEMONSTRATED; or, a Supplement to Euclid; being a KEY to the Exercises upon the 'Elements' for the Use of Teachers and private Students.** Upwards of 120 Propositions, deduced from the First Six Books of Euclid, are illustrated in it by new Diagrams.

In fcap. 8vo. price 1s. 6d. **COOLEY'S FIGURES OF EUCLID; being the Diagrams illustrating the 'Elements,' with the Enunciations printed separately for Use in the Classroom.** Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

TO ALL WHO HAVE FARM OR GARDENS. Price 5d., stamped 6d. **THE GARDENERS' CHRONICLE AND AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE, (THE HORTICULTURAL PART edited by PROF. LINDLEY.)** OF Saturday, September 6, contains Articles on—

- Adulteration of food
- Beans, late
- Beans, Carab
- Bees, to unite
- Blight, by Hardy & Son
- Botany, village
- Boyle's engine
- British Association
- Doxat's (Mr.) Patney Heath
- Draught, swallow hole
- Farm, home, by J. Lockhart
- Morton
- Farming, questions on
- Ferns, in garden
- Food, adulteration of
- Food, cattle
- Lichens, Lindsay on
- Lilium giganteum
- Locust Beans
- Mangel, large acreage of
- Pathology, vegetable, by Rev. M. J. Berkeley
- Pear trees, degeneration of, by J. De Jonghe
- Poss, late, by Hardy & Son
- Reaping machines, by William
- Robert's English People in past Centuries
- Sainfoin, culture of
- Statistics, agricultural
- Suburbs, use of in gardens, by
- Towers
- Totalities in harvest
- Village, circular
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REVIEWS

Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays? A Letter to Lord Ellesmere. By William Henry Smith. Printed for Private Circulation.

Was Lord Bacon the author of *Shakespeare's* plays? We should answer not, from the mere grammar and logic of the question. But Mr. Smith means to ask Lord Ellesmere—and through him all Shakspearian and historical readers—Was Lord Bacon the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare? Or, more strictly speaking, was Francis Bacon—for Bacon was not a Lord until long after the plays attributed to Shakespeare were on the stage—the author of these dramatic works?

The question was raised—as our readers will remember—by an American writer a few months ago; and it is now raised again by Mr. Smith, in a letter to the late President of the Shakespeare Society, in almost the words used by the American writer, with the same fullness of speculation and the same absence of proof. The topic is curious, and will always have its interest for the literary student and the lover of mystery. More, we believe that a very plausible case could be made against the assumed authorship of William Shakespeare by any one with knowledge of the times. There is, for example, the one great fact to begin with—Shakespeare never claimed the Plays as his own. His Poems he claimed, and his Sonnets he claimed; and there is an undoubted difficulty in understanding how a man who cared about 'Lucrece' and 'Venus and Adonis' could be negligent about 'Hamlet' and 'Othello.' Yet Shakespeare was unquestionably indifferent about the dramas which were played in his name at the theatres and at the Court, and died without seeing the most remarkable series of intellectual works which ever issued from the brain of man set in the custody of type. In the second place, the plays contain many lines which allude or which we fancy allude to passing events—such as Coke's brutality on Raleigh's trial, the three *thous* so keenly caricatured in 'Twelfth Night,' and many more; and it is natural to infer that these allusions came from some one higher in station than a poor player,—from Bacon, who hated Coke, or from Raleigh, who smarted under his insolence. In the third place, some of the references of contemporaries to Shakespeare admit of being tortured into a charge that he did not invent the dramas which appeared under his name:—for example, when Greene says, in his 'Groat's-worth of Wit,' "There is an upstart crow beautified in our feathers, in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country," what more easy than to say that Shakespeare, in the opinion of contemporary dramatists, was only a borrower, an adapter of other men's work, like some of the salaried poets of our present theatres, whose qualifications are described as carpentry and French? In the fourth place, the legal references in some of the plays are so numerous and so minute as to suggest, and almost infer, a legal origin for these particular dramas. Then, in the fifth place, there is the very suspicious fact that *Bacon nowhere mentions Shakespeare.* Bacon was rather fond of speaking of his great contemporaries,—of quoting their wit and recording their sayings. In his 'Apophthegms' we find nearly all that is known about Raleigh's power of repartee. How came such a gatherer of wit, humours, and characters to ignore the greatest man living? Had he a reason for his omission? It were idle to assume that Bacon failed

to see the greatness of 'Lear' and 'Macbeth.' There must have been some reason for his silence. What reason? But the most striking difficulty, perhaps, lies in the descriptions of foreign scenes, particularly of Italian scenes, and of sea-life, interwoven with the texts of the plays,—descriptions so numerous and so marvellously accurate that it is almost impossible to believe they were written by a man who lived in London and Stratford, who never left this island, and who saw the world only from a stroller's booth. Every reader of the plays has felt this difficulty, and theories have been formed of imaginary Shakespeare travels, in order to account for the minute local truth and the prevalence of local colour. It is not easy to conceive 'The Merchant of Venice' as coming from the brain of one who had never strolled on the Rialto or sunned himself on the slopes of Monte Bello. Without warrant of any sort beyond the internal evidence of the play, Mr. Brown and Mr. Halliwell have boldly adopted the theory of an Italian journey; though when and how it could have been performed, in the course of a life so brief and so busy as Shakespeare's was between his marriage and his retirement from the stage, is a mystery not more perplexing than the local knowledge it would serve to explain. But how if one of the many gallant wits and courtly gentlemen who knew Venice as our own wits know Paris wrote 'The Merchant of Venice,' and Shakespeare, the adapter of plays for the Globe and Blackfriars, merely fitted it for the stage?

Out of a hundred points and arguments like these, a theory might be framed—of course, a theory not defensible against serious attack—but plausible enough on paper, and not less amusing as an exercise than Archbishop Whately's Essay proving the non-existence of Napoleon. Mr. Smith has scarcely made the semblance of a case. His reasoning is wholly inferential and hypothetical. For instance, his main argument is, that everything we know of Shakespeare outside his plays is inconsistent with the idea that *he* could have produced works so full of learning, travel, thought, imagery, and experience. Measuring the intellectual course of Shakespeare, and marking what seems to him its necessary limits, Mr. Smith says:—

"His father, a humble tradesman at Stratford-upon-Avon, by patient industry and perseverance, conciliated the respect and regard of his fellow-townsmen; and, being admitted a member of the Corporation, rose, through the offices of Ale-taster, Constable, and Chamberlain, to that of Alderman and Bailiff, and became, consequently, *ex officio*, a Magistrate: the fact of his humble origin being attested to the last, by his inability to write his name. He appears, as he rose in consequence, to have abandoned his original trade of 'glover,' and to have turned his attention to agriculture; but this was not to his permanent advantage, for his fortunes seem to have waned from 1576; until, after having received various indulgences from his colleagues, the Corporation of Stratford, in the year 1586, came to a resolution depriving John Shakespeare of his Alderman's gown, because 'he doth not come to the halls when warned, nor hath not done of a long time.' The same reason which caused him to be excused by his brother Aldermen, in 1578, from the petty payment of fourpence per week for a temporary purpose, still, doubtless, continued to operate; and the obvious inference is, that he had sunk into so low a grade of poverty, that he was ashamed to appear among his fellow townsmen. These facts give colour to the reports which were in existence, that William Shakespeare was removed from school at an early age; and it is natural that this removal should have taken place in or about the year 1577, when the necessities of his father began to show themselves openly. Such being the circumstances

connected with the parentage of William Shakespeare, the information we possess respecting his early years is even more scanty. There is neither record nor rumour of his having exhibited any precocity of talent. It is only known that, at the age of eighteen, he contracted or was inveigled into a marriage with a woman eight years older than himself; and it is believed that, somewhere about the time at which his father was deprived of his Alderman's gown, he left his wife and family at Stratford-upon-Avon, and went to seek his fortune in the metropolis. Now, up to the time of Shakespeare's arrival in London, there is no suggestion or tradition of his having manifested any superior attainments. The hypothesis connecting him with the stage is, that he may have formed an acquaintance, at Stratford, with Burbidge's company, during their visits to that town, and, being unable to procure a livelihood in his native town, have been encouraged in the desperate resolution of going to London by the hope of employment by him. We have seen his antecedents, and there can be but little doubt that, on his arrival in London, he was at first only able to obtain employment among the players of a very humble description. By ingenuity, industry, and perseverance, he appears to have raised himself from that mean position, until, by that capacity for business which distinguished him through life, he rendered himself one of the most useful members of the company with which he had become connected. To put together here some of those facts which throw a light upon his position and progress:—In 1592 he is alluded to by Greene as a 'Johannes Factotum' among the actors. In the following year he had a share in the theatre, and in 1598 his position among his fellows was such as to enable him to procure the introduction of Ben Jonson's play, although it had been previously rejected: in 1603 he was one of the largest sharers in the theatre, besides being the sole owner of the wardrobe and properties. From the circumstance that the Borough Court of Stratford-upon-Avon contains frequent evidence of pressure upon Shakespeare's father until 1593, and not after, it may be inferred that from that date William Shakespeare began to acquire the means of aiding his family substantially and providing for himself. From these varied circumstances it would appear that William Shakespeare was essentially the man of business of the theatre; that to him was intrusted providing the wardrobe, properties, and plays; and that in negotiating for the purchase of any or all of these matters, he exhibited that shrewdness, skill, caution, and sagacity which distinguished him in every transaction of his life, and from the exercise of which the company he was connected with derived no small benefit, whilst he, in forwarding their interests, was by no means unmindful of his own. Seeing, then, that William Shakespeare was a man of limited education, careless of fame, intent upon money-getting, and actively engaged in the management of a theatre, are we, from the simple circumstance of his name being associated with these plays, to believe, at once, that he was the author of them?"

All such assumptions, as we said on a former occasion, when dealing with the American theory, beg the point at issue. We only know—we only *can* know—men through their work: take away the special work of any man of genius, from Cæsar to Byron, and what *can* be left? What do we know of Wordsworth, outside his poems, to justify us in believing him capable of writing 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Yarrow Revisited'? How do we know of Milton, beyond the evidence contained in his writings, that he was equal to 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Defensio'?

The American speculator to whom we have referred imagined the Shakspearian Drama to be the work of a number of wits, though chiefly of Raleigh and Bacon. Mr. Smith, without seeing how his choice will drive him into difficulties, narrows the area of speculation to Bacon. The following is Mr. Smith's reasoning in favour of the possible authorship of Bacon:—

"If we find a man aspiring to the highest dis-

tinctions of the State, and therefore emulating a character for wisdom and gravity, whose enemies were ever representing him to be a man of speculative opinions and light department, and therefore unfit to fill offices of such responsibility—is it not natural that a man so situated should desire to conceal his connection with poetry and players? Again—if we find a man unexpectedly driven to the study of the law as a means of subsistence, with scanty means whereon to support luxurious habits, (knowing as we do, that the chambers of the briefless barrister have ever been the hotbed of dramatic productions,) should we be surprised to find him adding to his means by pursuits so usual with persons similarly situated? Should we also find this person in possession of all the necessary qualifications,—with a mind well stored by study and enlarged by travel, with a comprehensive knowledge of nature, men, and books, and ‘such a talent for the drama, that he could with ease, in ordinary conversation, assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each.’ If, I say, we should find a man with such good reasons for withholding the knowledge that he was the author of these plays, placed in circumstances so favourable for producing such works, and possessed of all the requisite qualifications, we have only to satisfy ourselves that the style corresponds, in some degree, with that which he would be likely to adopt, and we should, I think, be in possession of such evidence, both external and internal, as would justify a strong suspicion, if not the actual belief, that he was the author of the works in question.”

If it were worth while to argue against the force of this speculation—which we treat merely as an ingenious exercise,—we would remind Mr. Smith, that connexion with “poetry and players” was no bar to public employments under either Elizabeth or James. Sackville, the Lord Treasurer under both reigns, was a poet and a dramatist. Sydney and Raleigh, though occupying places at court, and commanding armies and fleets, were poets. Some of the strongest men of the time, such as Donne, rose wholly by the tower of rhyme. ‘The Shepherd’s Calendar’ made Spenser Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. A weakness for verses did not prevent Wotton from going as ambassador to Venice. Nay, poetry was no obstacle to success at the bar, for Davis was eminent as a poet before he was known as Irish Attorney-General or Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. All these facts help to prove that if Bacon were the author of the Shakespeare plays he had some other motive for concealing the fact than the fears imagined by Mr. Smith.

So much of pure speculation is followed by a brief statement of facts.—

“Almost all the plays attributed to Shakespeare were composed before, probably some years before, 1611, when Shakespeare retired from the stage; and during the very period which I am now particularly considering, Francis Bacon was studying for the bar at Gray’s Inn, and was on terms of intimacy with Lord Southampton, the avowed patron of Shakespeare. The history of Bacon is just such as we should have drawn of Shakespeare, if we had been required to depict him from the internal evidence of his works. His daily walk, letters, and conversation, constitute the beau idéal of such a man as we might suppose the author of these plays to have been, and the very absence, in those letters, of all allusion to Shakespeare’s plays, is some, though slight, corroboration of his connexion with them. Born of noble and learned parents, he went to college at twelve years of age, and by the time that he was sixteen ‘he had run through the whole circle of the liberal arts as they were then taught; and, what is far more surprising, had begun, even then, to see through the emptiness and futility of the philosophy then in vogue, and to conjecture that useful knowledge must be raised upon other foundations, and built up with other materials, than had been employed through a tract of many centuries back.’ When he left college he was sent to Paris, in 1577, and travelled to various parts of the Continent. Upon the sudden death of his father, in 1579, he returned to England, and ‘finding himself compelled,

by the narrowness of his circumstances, to think of some profession for a subsistence, he applied himself, more through necessity than choice, to the study of the law,’ and became a Member of Gray’s Inn. Whilst he was thus engaged these plays appeared. Is it probable that he wrote them? Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare’s Plays? That he possessed the requisite qualifications for producing such works, beyond any man of that age, no one will for a moment deny. When perusing the description of the genius of Shakespeare by Pope, we seem to be reading the character of Bacon by his biographer, so identical were the powers undoubtedly possessed by the one with those exhibited in the writings of the other. That he had great dramatic talent we infer from the statement that ‘he could assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each, with a facility that was perfectly natural,’ and that he had a great partiality for such pastimes is clear, for we find that he both ‘wrote and assisted at masques.’ In a letter to the Lord Treasurer, he expresses his regret that ‘a joint masque of the four Inns of Court,’ which had been intended, could not be performed; and informs him, that there are ‘a dozen gentlemen of Grey’s Inn, ready by themselves to offer an entertainment to the Queen.’ We are also informed that, in a masque acted before the Queen, at Greenwich, in February, 1587, the ‘Dumbe Showes’ were ‘partly devised by Maister Francis Bacon.’ That he was at this time in that state which induces men to adopt almost any means of raising money, is attested by this fact, among others, that he was arrested, in 1598, by one Symphon, a goldsmith, of Lombard Street, for the large sum of 500*l*. Surrounded by enemies ready to represent him, upon all occasions, to the greatest possible disadvantage, we can easily conceive that he felt the necessity of keeping his connexion with the players unknown, to be hardly less urgent than the necessity which compelled him to resort to them. Having thus briefly stated some few of the many circumstances which seem to favour the supposition that Bacon was the author of these plays, I will, in conclusion, quote two passages from recent writers. ‘We decidedly concur with Malone,’ writes Collier, ‘in thinking, that after Shakespeare quitted the Free School, he was employed in the office of an attorney. Proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays, and it may safely be asserted that they do not occur anything like so frequently in the dramatic productions of any of his contemporaries.’ The other writer, who indulges in the fanciful speculation that Shakespeare had engaged with some starving poet to supply him with plays ‘to order,’—an assumption which, if tenable, would certainly remove many of the difficulties which have puzzled the critics—thus proceeds: ‘One thing, at least, is certain, and not disputed; the plays apparently rise—if we may use the expression—as the series goes on; all at once Shakespeare leaves London, and the supply ceases. Is this compatible with such a genius thus culminating, on any other supposition than the death of the poet and the survival of the employer?’ If Bacon, however, was the author, it ceases to be surprising that the embryo Lord Chancellor of England should exhibit ‘proofs of something like a legal education,’ or that a rising barrister should suddenly quit the practice of writing plays for that of Attorney or Solicitor General. There is but one other coincidence upon which I wish to remark. Shakespeare died in 1616, and though in his will he expresses his wishes respecting ‘his second best bed,’ he bestows no thought either on his best or second best plays. Lord Chancellor Bacon was disgraced in 1621, and immediately set himself to collect and revise his literary works. In 1623 a Folio of thirty-six plays (including some, and excluding others, which had always been reputed Shakespeare’s) was published. Who but the author himself could have exercised this power of discrimination? In 1626 Bacon died. His will contains these remarkable words: ‘My name and memory I leave to foreign nations; and to my own countrymen, after some time be passed over.’”

All this statement, as the reader sees, is in pure waste,—proving as little that Bacon wrote ‘Lear’ and ‘Othello’ as that he wrote ‘Every Man in his Humour,’ or ‘The History of the World,’ or

any other production of the age. We know of no proof—indeed, we know of no serious suggestion—that Bacon wrote anything to which he did not sooner or later affix his name. Probably no man ever preserved his scraps with greater care than Bacon: he was as careful of what he wrote as Shakespeare was negligent. The only bit of suggestion which Mr. Smith adduces is contained in the following note of compliments, with its tag:—

“To the Lord Viscount St. Alban.

“Most Honourable Lord,—I have received your great and honourable token and favour of the 9th of April, and can but return the humblest of my thanks for your Lordship’s vouchsafing so to visit the poorest and unworthiest of your servants. It doth me good at heart, that, although I be not where I was in place, yet I am in the fortune of your Lordship’s favour, if I may call that fortune which I observe to be so unchangeable. I pray hard that it may once come in my power to serve you for it—and who can tell?—as *fortis imaginatio generat casum*, so strange desires may do as much. Sure I am, that mine are ever waiting on your Lordship, and wishing as much happiness as is due to your incomparable virtue, I humbly do your Lordship reverence. Your Lordship’s most obliged and humble servant,

“TOSIE MATTHEW.

“Postsc.—The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship’s name, *though he be known by another*.”

Mr. Smith does not tell us what he infers from this expression of one of the reprobates about the court, and we do not care to guess.

It is an idle time, and idleness loves speculation, or we should not have quoted largely from this Letter to Lord Ellesmere. Of course—as our readers have seen—we reject altogether the theory of an extra authorship of Shakespeare’s plays; and on any idle day of the year, should we ever find one, we will undertake to prove, just as plausibly as Mr. Smith here proves the authorship of ‘Lear’ and ‘Hamlet’ to belong to Bacon, that Shakespeare composed the ‘Instauratio’ and wrote the ‘Essays.’

Rās Mālā; or, Hindoo Annals of the Province of Gozerat, in Western India. By Alexander Kinloch Forbes, of the H.E.I.C. Civil Service. With Illustrations, principally Architectural, from Drawings by the Author. 2 vols. Richardson Brothers.

THERE is no more beautiful country in India than Gujarāt, no richer soil, no region peopled with races of braver men or more beautiful women. To the Hindū every mountain peak, every silver stream of this broad tract is rich in hallowed associations. On the western shore of Soreth, the Kattiawār of modern days, dwelt and reigned the divine Krishna. Here among the waves was that city of Dwārikā, to which “traders of every country brought various articles for sale; in different places Brāhmins recited the Vedas; in every house people heard or narrated stories and Purānas; good and holy men sang the praises of Hari during the eight watches; charioteers, yoking continually chariots and cars, brought them to the royal gate; demigods, heroes, champions, and warriors of the race of Yadu, mounted on cars, chariots, elephants, and horses, came to salute the King; skilful persons amused him by dancing, singing, and playing; panegyrist and bards, chanting hymns of praise, received elephants, horses, clothes, weapons, grain, money, and ornaments of gold, studded with jewels.” Here, too, is the sacred mount of Nemeenāth, the royal Gīrnār, which the Rās Mālā thus describes.—

“At the entrance of this valley is situated the ancient city of Joonagurh, its low walls nearly hidden by the dense jungle around it. In the north-eastern angle, throwing its darkening shadow over ‘the streak of gold,’ the river Sonā Rekhā that glides

beneath its bastions, rises the old Rajpoot citadel, the Oopurkot, the residence of Râ Khengâr and his ill-fortuned bride. This citadel is still a noble specimen of Eastern fortification. Venerable from its age, and romantic from its position, its deeply-excavated fosse, its numerous and massive towers, its crenellated parapets, telling of strength and asserting dignity, would, without fail, impress the beholder, were his imagination unexcited by their association with the mysterious glories of the Yâdo race—the still shadowy line of Shree Krishn. From the gate of the city of Khengâr, following the river Sonâ Rekha towards its source, a pathway, worn by the foot of many a pilgrim, leads to the summit of Gîrnâr. At the foot of the mountain, the stranger passes by those venerable rocks, which are hallowed by the name of the just and benevolent Asokâ; thence, by a winding and rugged ascent of about a mile, he reaches the point where the western spur or shoulder of the mountain terminates at the foot of the scarp. For the rest of the ascent, the sacred mountain rises, an immense, bare, black, and isolated granite rock, presenting all the gigantic masses peculiar to its formation; on the summit of which, occupying a small ledge or table land, surrounded by a fort, whose wall is erected on the very verge of the scarp, stand the temples of the Jain Teerthunkurs. From the plateau occupied by the temples, a gradual ascent, amidst patches of korunder and wild fig, leads to the point of Gîrnâr, where stands the shrine of Umâvêe Mâtâ. The mountain has six distinct peaks, separated by deep ravines, the highest of which is dedicated to Goruknâth, and that most remote to Kâleekâ. She it is whose rites are performed by the hideous, and, if report speak true, the cannibal Aghoree, from her patronage of whom she derives the name of the Aghoreshwuree mother. From the plains but four of these peaks are distinctly visible; and at the distance of a few miles these, though majestic individually when observed from the shrine of Goruknâth, gradually merge into the general mass which appears to form the cone of 'the Gîrnâr.' No detailed description need here be attempted of the architecture of the temples that rest upon the plateau of the mount of Nemeenâth. Sufficient to mention that, commanding as the secretaries do, by whom they have been erected and maintained, much of the wealth of India, they have here, as at Shatroonjye, omitted nothing which could render these monuments of their faith of surpassing magnificence."

Again, in the far East are the ruins of the vast city of Mandu, where, in the days of Constantine the Great, dwelt the Hindû princes of Dhâr,—where, after more than a thousand years, reigned the kings of Malwa,—and where, finally, Bahâdur Shâh planted the flag of Gujârât. In the north towers Abû, gleaming with its white marble temples of matchless workmanship and crowned with the impregnable fortress of Ashalgarh. Here, about the time of our Norman Conquest, lived and loved the flower of Eastern chivalry, the Parmâr Râjpûts. Beneath, on the banks of the Banâs, and frowned over by their mountain keep, lie the ruins of their capital, Chandrawâti, where now the tiger crouches and the creeper weaves funeral chaplets from broken pillar to pillar. Southwards, not very far hence, is Eedur, the romantic castle of the Râthor princes, with its "Palace of the Mourning Queen" and its precipice of "the Rânees' leap," from which Râjpûtnî ladies sprang when they heard that their lords had fallen in fight.

Nor are the Mohammedans without their page of history. They can point to the broken idols of Sonnâth and tell of the glories of Ahmed Shâh and Mahmûd Begarra.

The traditions of such a country are worth preserving, and every lover of Indian antiquities will be grateful to Mr. Forbes for the collection he has made. His pencil, too, has been employed as profitably as his pen, and he has rescued some exquisite gems of Indian architecture from oblivion. But we regret that he has interwoven with his narrative so few personal experiences, that he describes so much

at second hand, that he has enlivened his book with so few anecdotes. In short, his 'Râs Malâ' is "a string of grave discourses;"—it is not the Râs, the merry dance of Krishna and his beauties. The romance of 'Jug Dev Purnâr' is among the best stories in the book. We extract a part of it as a specimen, premising that Jug Dev is a Râjpût warrior, who is engaged at extravagant pay by a prince named Sidh Râj. One night the King hears strange sounds of women singing towards the East, and others lamenting; he sends Jug Dev to find out what those sounds may be, and himself follows to observe the issue.—

"Meanwhile, Jug Dev went on towards the east, to where the singing appeared to be—Sidh Râj following him. Jug Dev arrived at the gate of the city; the door-keeper opened the wicket and let him out. Sidh Râj said, 'I am the chief's henchman, let me go out too.' He, too, passed out. Jug Dev advanced to where the women were lamenting, and said to them, 'Who are you? Are you mortals, or wives of Devs, or are you Bhootnees, or Pretnees, or Siddhs, or Sheekouts? Why are you lamenting with so much grief at this midnight time? Tell me what calamity it is that you suffer.'—They said, 'Approach, son Jug Dev! wherefore are you come here?'—He said, 'I am come to inquire the cause of your making lamentation.' They said again, 'We are the Fates of Puttun. The stroke of ten to-morrow morning is the time of Sidh Râj Jesingh's death. It is on that account we are lamenting. Who will perform service, worship, presentation of gifts or sacrifices? We must needs lament.' The king heard what they said from where he stood in concealment. Jug Dev said, 'But who is it that is singing?'—The Fates said, 'Go and inquire of yourselves.'—

Jug Dev went, and paying obeisance, said, 'You sing songs of good news. Who is your king, and what pleases you that you are thus singing?'—They said, 'We are the Fates of Delhi. We are come for Sidh Râj Jesingh: see, there is the chariot. That is why we sing.'—Jug Dev said, 'When will he meet his death?'—The Fates said, 'In the morning, at the time when he prepares for worship, and putting on the dress of yellow silk, stands on the platform, we will strike him so that he shall leave the body.'—Then Jug Dev said, 'In these times there is no king such as Sidh Row: by what religious observance, gift, or vow, or by what other means can he escape and be released from calamity?'—They said, 'There is but one way of escape for him; if any chief who is equal to the king will cut off his head and give it to us, then Sidh Row Jesingh's life will be prolonged.'—

Jug Dev said, 'Will my head avail, that receiving it you may prolong Sidh Row's life and royalty? If so, I am ready.' The Fates assented.—'If you make an offering of your own life, Sidh Row will escape.'—Then Jug Dev said, 'Give me leave for a few moments; I will make the matter known to my wife, and, having obtained her assent, will return.' The Fates laughed scornfully: 'No wife would consent to her husband's dying; but go and ask, and return speedily.' Jug Dev turned himself homewards. Sidh Row said within himself, 'Let me see whether he will return or not, and what the Chowree will say.' He followed him. Jug Dev, returning, entered his house and ascended into the upper room; he embraced the Chowree. Sidh Row Jesingh heard the conversation between the husband and wife. They sat together as usual. Jug Dev said, 'Chowree! there is a matter of this kind.'—The Chowree, joining the palms of her hands, said, 'What orders has my lord?' Then Jug Dev told her the whole story from the beginning, and said, 'I am come to ask your permission.'—The Chowree said, 'A day of prosperity, a night prosperous! It was for such a day that we were enjoying our livelihood. Give it them: it is for the life that subsistence, grants, and lands are given. You have determined well; such is the duty of a Rajpoot. If Sidh Row live and reign, all is well; if not, what use would life be! But, my prince, I have one petition. Why should I survive; for six hours' existence, why should I undergo so much calamity? I will offer my life with yours.'—Jug Dev said, 'But the children, what will become of them?'—The Chowree said, 'Let them be offerings at the same time.'—Then Jug Dev said, 'If

it be so, let us not delay.' Jug Dev took the elder child by the hand and descended; the Chowree followed him. Sidh Row Jesingh was filled with astonishment. He said, 'Well done! Rajpoot, and well done! Rajpootnee.' The four went on in front, the king following them to see what would happen. Jug Dev and the Chowree approached the Fates. They said, 'Jug Dev, is your head ready to be offered?'—He said, 'For my head how many years will you grant Sidh Row?'—They said, 'He shall reign twelve years.'—Again Jug Dev asked, 'The lives of the Chowree and the boys are of equal value with mine; for the four grant Sidh Row forty-eight years; I will offer the four lives.'—The Fates said, 'So be it.' The Chowree first presented her first-born son. Jug Dev, drawing his sword, cut off the child's head, and prepared to offer the second boy. Then the Fates restrained him: Jug Dev, we have granted you the forty-eight years, and your wife and children.' They sprinkled ambrosia upon the corpse of the elder child, and the boy rose alive. The Fates laughed and said, 'Yours and your wife's faithfulness we have seen to be great.' Placing their hands on the children's heads, they gave them to the Chowree. They said, 'Jug Dev, for your fidelity we have granted Sidh Row forty-eight years of royalty.' They dismissed him. Jug Dev and the Chowree made obeisance, and, taking the two children, returned home. The king, perceiving the fidelity of Jug Dev, and the Chowree's devotion to her husband, was very much delighted. He returned to his palace and lay down: as he lay he reflected in his mind: 'Well done, Jug Dev! you have procured for me forty-eight years of royalty.' Sleep did not close his eyes. After four in the morning, the usher, having come, called Jug Dev. He arose and bathed, and worshipped the Supreme Lord, and taking the Divine name, made a mark on his forehead. At break of day he came to the king. Sidh Row was seated in the court when Jug Dev entered. Rising from his royal cushion, he embraced him; placing a second cushion beside him, he with urgency compelled him to be seated thereon. He sent for the chiefs whom he had commanded to bring intelligence, and inquired of them what news they had procured during the night. They said, 'There were four Mows in two carts; in the one cart they had had a son born to them and were singing, in the other they had lost a son and were lamenting.' Sidh Râj, hearing the chieftains' story, laughed contemptuously and said, 'You are chieftains worth a hundred thousand; great pillars you are; if you cannot bring intelligence who can bring it?' Then, turning to Jug Dev, he said, 'Do you relate the occurrences of the night?' Jug Dev said, 'It must be as the chieftains have related.'—The king said again, 'Do you tell the whole, even as it happened; I have heard all.'—Jug Dev said, 'If I had seen anything, I could relate it—I do not know how to make up a tale.'"

The King then relates all that had happened, and promotes Jug Dev to great honour. This story, it must be added, is common in the East, and forms, in fact, the third story in the 'Twenty-five Tales of a Demon,'—a well-known book in Hindûstân.

The Conspiracy of Dublin.—[Die Verschwörung von Dublin]. By F. Gustav Kühne. Leipzig, Mayer; London, Thimm.

A German five-act play is probably the last place in the world to which a Briton would direct his eyes in order to discover the "United Irishmen" who made so much noise at the end of the eighteenth century. Hence, when such familiar names as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Castlereagh, Arthur O'Connor, Wolfe Tone, Oliver Bond, and Napper Tandy appear in a long list of *dramatis personæ*, the eye is involuntarily arrested; and even a reader of the large class generally inclined to throw aside all specimens of unacted plays without the honour of a moment's attention, could scarcely resist the temptation of seeing how the comparatively recent realities of the Emerald Isle would look when distilled through the brain of a Teutonic dramatist. Indeed, it may be laid down as a

general maxim, that a foreign work, of whatever kind, written on a modern British theme, is sure to awaken curiosity, if its existence be made known; and that, whether we are praised or abused in a tongue not our own, the amount of pleasure is nearly the same. If the audiences of the Paris theatres are gratified by seeing young English Ladies accomplished in the pugilistic art, and aristocrats who vend their wives at Smithfield, we, on the other hand, far from being affronted, receive equal amusement from the blunders.

However, he who takes up Herr Kühne's dramatic version of the events of 1798 in the hope of finding ludicrous mistakes will be disappointed. The German is not a reckless being like the Frenchman when he seeks from foreign countries a theme for his art. He may boldly modify events to suit his purposes, as, for instance, in that anti-historical meeting between Mary and Elizabeth, which is one of the most effective situations in Schiller's 'Maria Stuart'; but he will take care to avoid those incorrect *minutiae* in the representation of manners and habits that are far more startling, and far more ridiculous, than the grossest violations of historical truth. That Herr Kühne would really succeed in giving to his delineation of the Irish mob such a local colouring as would satisfy the English reader, to whom the humour of the sister island is even more familiar than that of his own, could not in fairness be expected; but we must admit that he has got up a very creditable familiarity with Whiskey, Potheen, Shilleleghs, and such-like Hibernian accessories, and has enriched his own language by frequent mention of the original names. He stumbles, indeed, in the creation of the unhappy word "Padd" as a designation for the abstract Irishman. Such a compromise between "Pat" and "Paddy" savours rather of the Gaul than of the Teuton.

In exhibiting the feelings of the period he delineates, and the moral position of the contending parties, Herr Kühne has been, on the whole, felicitous,—though his desire to widen his subject into an historical picture, and his tendency to give reflection the preponderance over action, seriously compromise his power as a dramatist. Subordinate parts that illustrate the time, but have little connexion with the story, are in some instances made disproportionately long, and, we may add, that they are often defined with a clearer outline than the leading personages.

The first scene of the play represents a square in Dublin, with drinking-tables ranged about the stage. At one of these is a brace of toppers, types of the Dublin mob; at another, are Arthur O'Connor and the rest of the "United Irishmen"; while Lord Castlereagh, attended by Flimmerton, his agent, stands apart, studying the habits of the people. O'Leary, a Catholic priest from the south of the island (a sort of forerunner of Father Mathew), reproves the two sots,—thus pointing out the political disadvantages of inebriety:—

Poor Padd, thou wouldst be equal to thy fair brother John, the son of England!—but canst thou keep up thy head, if thou drinkest thyself under the table? Thou wouldst be respected by the world; and the sober world lightly esteems thee. Emancipation! I hear in every alley. The poor man of the Green Island claims an equal birth-right with the legitimate son of Albion; he would be his equal, forsooth, but by brandy, whiskey, and (sic) mountain-dew he makes himself decidedly his inferior. The Anglo-Saxon, my children, smooths down his hair, and yours grows all of a tangle!

This good old priest will remind some readers of the Capuchin friar in the 'Wallenstein's Lager' of Schiller; but he is endowed with a more serious interest as the piece progresses. On the subject of Lord Castlereagh, the following remarks are exchanged between Bally Toole (one of the "United") and O'Connor:—

Bally Toole. We are observed. Who is that man yonder with the tall straight forehead?

O'Connor. The new Secretary of State for Ireland, fresh-arrived from England,—William Pitt's ambassador and confidant. Observe the glance of that cold anatomist. He has brought his shears with him for poor Ireland's fleece.

Bally Toole. He is nothing to us,—that Narcissus of Dublin, who is nicknamed the handsomest man of his age! He may celebrate his triumphs in the *salon*, but here, in the bosom of the people, he feels his weakness.

O'Connor. Oh, a man can trifle and play the Dandy, and still be dangerous:—an unfeeling soul loves to hide itself behind a smooth mask. In London he was called the heart-breaker:—many a woman, lady and abigail, has died of a broken heart on his account. And he only draws the women into his net that he may catch more surely the heads of the men.

The entrance of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, preceded by the remark from one of the tipplers "Here comes the jewel of Ireland!" causes an exhibition of that relation between a popular idol and his worshippers that has already been made so familiar by the 'Egmont' of Goethe. Indeed, altogether the Irish mob of the modern dramatist bears a strong family likeness to the Flemish mob of the old one. Fitzgerald, like Egmont, gives good advice, and when he returns he is not only followed by the shouts of the people, but Lord Castlereagh makes the important observation that both the young lord and the priest are necessary to the cause of Pitt.

The next act takes us to Leinster House, the residence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, where we make the acquaintance of his wife Pamela, the reputed daughter of Philippe l'Égalité. The set of symbols devised by the author is now complete. Fitzgerald is (or rather is meant to be) frank, enthusiastic Ireland; Castlereagh is cold, calculating England; Pamela is the personification of feminine devotion, loving Erin much, but her husband more, and inspired with a horror of popular insurrection by the fate of her father. At Leinster House, pleasant converse is indulged in by parties of opposite interests. O'Leary, who is a friend of Lord Edward's, accurately represents the false position in which the Catholic clergy of Ireland found themselves when the cause of National Liberty seemed mixed up with that of Atheistical Gallicism. Lord Castlereagh, who pays his first visit, tries to persuade Lord Edward that William Pitt only desires the happiness of Ireland,—and while his arguments are not very convincing, the presence of the lady causes the adoption of a gallant mode of parlance, in which Lord Castlereagh takes the lead, and which, when we remember the heart-breaking propensities referred to by O'Connor, makes us feel uneasy as to the domestic happiness of Lord Edward.

The reception-room of Leinster House continues to be the place of action during the third act. Flimmerton, Castlereagh's agent—who, by the way, is drawn as a patriot at heart, with no great love for the cause he serves—secretly brings Pamela a letter from his employer, in which the danger of her husband is indicated. Lord Edward is not, indeed, a "United Irishman,"—but then, as the letter observes, one can be a clubbist without visiting clubs, and England recognizes no medium between friend and foe. Further, the alliance of Pamela is vaguely solicited, and the lady, seeing that her husband's safety is at stake, requests a verbal explanation, in a note intended to be secret, but which accidentally falls into the hands of Fitzgerald before it reaches Lord Castlereagh. The arrival of a party of Irish villagers, headed by a man named Antrim, who lays their case before Lord Edward, is the occasion for the introduction of one of those scenes that so often show how indistinct are the dramatic notions of the German mind. Antrim has murdered an oppressive tithe-collector, and narrates the whole details of his crime in a speech which perhaps is the most vigorous portion of the entire play, but which, with the three drawbacks, that it occupies nearly six pages—that it has no imme-

diate reference to the main action—and that Antrim is merely introduced for the purpose of delivering it—is the very perfection of the undramatic. A conversation between Pamela and Lord Castlereagh, who finding Fitzgerald at home removes him conveniently to the balcony to look at a race-horse, shows the nature of the alliance hinted at in the clandestine epistle. The lady is to do her best to find out and betray the mysterious "five" who are the ruling chiefs of the "United Irishmen," but whose identity with any known person cannot be proved, and in return for her good offices the safety of her household is to be guaranteed.

The first scene of the fourth act brings back to us our old friends of the mob, who are assembled in front of the Parliament House, perpetrating some marvellously bad jokes, while the members within are debating the expediency of putting Ireland under military law. The interest of this scene is sustained with a great deal of skill, notwithstanding the poverty of the dialogue. Arthur O'Connor watches the proceedings of the legislature, and reports them to the populace,—and thus the progress both of the grievance and of the discontent which is its consequence takes place before the eyes of the audience, until O'Connor bursts forth with the intelligence—"Men of Ireland, the Bill is adopted by the House,—military law is proclaimed. England will have war with Ireland."

The well-known room in Leinster House is now once more the place of action, and we grieve to say that Pamela does not improve upon acquaintance. However, she looks very amiable when she complains in a long soliloquy that her husband loves Ireland better than herself, and not a little startling is her *bathos*, when, reflecting on the fate of her decapitated parent, she utters this quaint exclamation:—"Bloody shade of my father, you upheld liberty, and they took the liberty of demanding your head." When Lord Edward comes home, her chief desire is to prevent mischief and urge him to flight,—but certainly her pacific policy, which consists in half-exhorting the enemy, is little calculated to soothe the Hibernian temperament.—

Pamela. Oh! at the helm stands a man, who with the calmness of a sage,—with a strong, cold, relentless hand rules the elements.

Fitzgerald. Rules the ship, but not the tempest and the waves.

Pam. Aye, even the tempest and the waves does he sway with his deliberate words. A pilot is he, who allays the flood with the majesty of the sea-god,—and forces back into its channel the overflowing torrent of rebellion.

Fitz. What enthusiasm for England's Pitt, Pamela! From whence comes this wisdom—this rest? Do you speak from yourself, or are you Castlereagh's echo?

Pam. Enthusiasm and love are due to the patriot, who stakes his all—to save country, wife, and children, when they are in peril. But esteem, nay, veneration, is due to the helmsman of the state, who with the eye of superior intellect discovers the right course of the ship among the rocks,—inexorable against everything that crosses his will.

The exhortations of Pamela, who combines an unsophisticated horror of the mob with an admiring terror of the ruling powers, are cut short by the announcement of two simultaneous but very heterogeneous arrivals,—Lord Castlereagh and "five men of Ireland." Pamela is despatched to receive the noble in the picture-gallery, while Lord Edward remains to receive the "men of Ireland,"—that is to say, O'Connor, Wolfe Tone, Oliver Bond, Napper Tandy, and M'Nevin, who, of course, are the very "five" sought on the part of the Government. In his discussion with his ardent visitors, he evinces a disposition to moderate measures,—rejects the motto "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," as all very well for France, but not fit for Ireland,—and thinks that, though it will be expedient to welcome General Hoche as an ally, if he comes, it will be highly inexpedient to invite him. Indeed, it may be observed, generally, that although we are constantly told

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that Lord Edward is all heart and ebullition, and therefore no match for his crafty opponent, we learn this peculiarity rather from the words of others than from anything that is said or done by Lord Edward himself, who is just as deliberate a gentleman, and talks full as wisely, as the Marquis of Posa in 'Don Carlos.' However, he unhappily takes it into his head to see what is going on in the gallery, by means of one of those notable stage-contrivances, a sliding picture. Pamela has already furnished Castlereagh with the list of the five desired names, and Castlereagh is making love to Pamela. Of the treason to the cause of his friends Fitzgerald is not aware, but he hears the rest of the conversation, and though he witnesses Pamela's virtuous rejection of the libertine's suit, and therefore does not reveal himself till she has quitted the scene, his jealous feelings are aroused by the very delicate thought that he had hitherto looked upon "her heart as not to be doubted,—her atmosphere as enchanted,—her form as unapproachable,"—but that now he has discovered the reverse of all this. He challenges Lord Castlereagh, and resolves to go any lengths with the "United Irishmen." We must say that this elevation of a commonplace private pique into a motive for patriotic action has a great deal lowered the historical character of the work.

The fifth act is full of bustle; the scenes change rapidly, and it is curious to observe how the author, who set off on the French model, settles himself down into an English disregard of unities. At first we are shown the ruins of a convent-yard, where the "United Irishmen" held their assembly. Lord Edward, who, quite abandoning his former policy, has despatched messages to General Hoche, is now a more violent insurrectionist than all the "five" put together, who are somewhat puzzled by the change that has taken place. Next comes an episode of dramatic interest. The scene is Pamela's sleeping apartment, and the lady, full of anxious thought, retires to rest, after thus invoking Morpheus.—

Come, Sleep, beneficent god! Shake thy poppy over my senses, intoxicate me, even as Paddy drinks Lethe from the goblet which is handed to him by Bacchus, and bastes himself in sweet forgetfulness.

Lord Edward, who steals into the room, watches the slumbers of his wife with a somewhat Othello-like feeling; but her words breathe unmixed devotion to himself and her children, and he gathers from them a hint of the compact with Lord Castlereagh. When he has departed, Pamela wakes to find the house surrounded by the military. At last the whole story closes with a regular battle-scene in the English taste. Dublin Castle is in the background,—Lord Edward harangues the populace and leads to the attack,—armed men run about the stage, when, suddenly, a portentous sound is heard behind the scenes. Certain bastions which have been occupied by the rebels are blown into the air; and Lord Edward, who is one of the victims of this operation, is brought forward on a bier to die, embracing Pamela, and—shaking hands with Lord Castlereagh. His last wish is, that the Irish and the English may be one people with one parliament.

So now the audience may go home satisfied that Lord Edward Fitzgerald would not have been a repealer.

The Myth of Hiawatha, and other Oral Legends, Mythologic and Allegoric, of the North American Indians. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D. Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Tribner & Co.

Prof. Longfellow, in the notes to 'Hiawatha,' recognizes the works of Dr. Schoolcraft as the chief source from which his legends are taken.

The notoriety thus gained has moved this gentleman to reproduce, with additions, and in a revised form, his 'Algie Researches,' which have been out of print for some years. The peculiar opportunities which the author has enjoyed, during a lengthened residence among the Ojibways on an exploring expedition, have not been lost. He has collected a large number of the wild tales of the Indians, and he relates them with a simplicity which creates confidence in the accuracy of the translations made by the author and various friends named in the Preface to the 'Algie Researches,' but not mentioned in the present work.

That there is a want of variety in the legends is not the fault of the author, and that history and fiction are blended in them is assuredly not a circumstance peculiar to Indian myths, nor does it detract from their value. Their true interest, beyond the quaint poetry which is occasionally to be traced in them, is the insight which they give of Indian character. In them the man appears no pompous enunciator of commonplace truths,—no cold abstraction of courage and endurance,—as he has been represented by some novelists. We see him with all his sagacity in small things,—his lack of extended vision and of the art and power of combination,—his suspicions, ignorance, and superstitions. Even Hiawatha or Manabozho, in prose, is a very different person from that hero in the poem. Those who have formed his acquaintance when decked in his poetical garb will be shocked to find that he is a notorious liar, even among his compatriots;—that he invites his friends the birds and beasts to supper, and wrings their necks as they march by him, at his request with their eyes shut;—that he murders his hospitable friend the beaver in cold blood;—and, in short, is hardly more respectable than his mythological brethren of Greece. Old Nohomis, also, in prose, is said to have had a paramour in the shape of a bear,—a strange form, by the by, for a lover, however it might have fitly represented a married partner. But while we recognize the value of these traditions as illustrations of the character of the Indian, they by no means possess the charm of the poetical versions. During the perusal of some of them we felt (to adopt the Indian creed) that the little servants of the great Weeng, the spirit of sleep, were hammering at our temples in a manner that prevented our keeping our eyes open. The Indians admit, however, that these little spirits have no judgment, which accounts for the sleep which occasionally overcomes them when floating above a fall, or in other positions of danger, and which may explain certain phenomena sometimes observed in our own churches. While some are dull, however, others have a certain poetry of conception and strangeness of events that may amuse, even after the relation of the same or kindred tales by Prof. Longfellow. But the most generally interesting portion of the book is that denominated "Wild Notes of the Pibbigwun," which contains some songs and small poems, in the simple ideas of which, though the metre and treatment are different, much of the charm of the poem of 'Hiawatha' may be traced. A very pretty Allegory of Niagara we extract.—

An old grey man on a mountain lived,
He had daughters four and one,
And a tall bright lodge of the betula bark
That glittered in the sun.

He lived on the very highest top,
For he was a hunter free,
Where he could spy, on the clearest day,
Gleams of the distant sea.

"Come out! come out!" cried the youngest one;
"Let us off to look at the sea!"
And out they ran, in their gayest robes,
And skipped and ran with glee.

"Come, Su; come, Mi; come, Hu; come, Cla;"
Cried laughing little Er;

"Let us go to yonder deep blue sea,
Where the breakers foam and roar."
And on they scampered by valley and wood,
By earth and air and sky,
Till they came to a steep where the bare rocks stood,
In a precipice mountain high.

"Inya!" cried Er, "here's a dreadful leap!
But we are gone so far,
That, if we flinch and return in fear,
Nos he will cry, 'Ha! ha!'"

Now, each was clad in a vesture light,
That floated far behind,
With sandals of frozen water drops,
And wings of painted wind.

And down they plunged with a merry skip,
Like birds that skim the plain;
And "Hey!" they cried, "let us up and try,
And down the steep again!"

And up and down the daughters skipped,
Like girls on a holiday,
And laughed outright at the sport and foam
They called Niagara.

If ye would see a sight so rare,
Where Nature's in her glee,
Go, view the spot in the wide wild West,
The land of the brave and free!

But mark—their shapes are free only seen
In Fancy's deepest play;
But she plainly shows their wings and feet
In the dancing sunny spray.

There is a selection of such verses at the end of Dr. Schoolcraft's volume; and those who are curious about the sources of the Hiawatha poems will turn to them with interest.

The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With Illustrations. Written from his own Dictation, by T. D. Bonner. New York, Harper Brothers; London, Low & Co.

READERS who remember Astley's many years ago, have not forgotten the Indian melo-dramas which once used to attract the public. They were played in the days of Cartlitch and Gomersal, Aula and Herring, and pretty Miss Healey, the especial captivator of "half-price" London apprentices. Wonderful were those Indian dramas! There was a hero who was himself and half-a-dozen other personages besides, who enacted all sorts of impossibilities with the utmost nonchalance,—got into Indian camps,—made love to the maidens,—courted the squaws,—was received as a chief,—carried on an incomprehensible war,—uttered unintelligible sentiment, and was eternally surrounded by cracking rifles, flying arrows, whirling tomahawks, and a smell of powder and orange-peel. Finally, he appeared in the "gorgeous last scene," mounted on a wild prairie-horse of the meekest nature,—and smiled graciously while the "real Indians" danced their war-dance, the low comedian pattered his epilogue-ical song, and the heroine carolled a metrical litany, profuse with her smiles, and careless about her aspirates.

Mr. Beckwourth's book is very much like the old Astleyan drama of our early days. There is a youth who leaves his happy home-stead in search of adventure. He finds much more of what he sought than he ever cared to discover. He is stupendously brave, and there is a dash of sentiment about him, for he has left "Eliza" on his native hills,—and although he marries half-a-dozen wives while he is among the Indians, he preserves his faith to "Eliza," so far as to think of her now and then. No actor in a melo-drama ever went through so many perilous adventures on the stage as Beckwourth when looking after skins and horses. But the incidents of his trading-life are tame compared with those of the "real Indian" portion of the performance. In true melo-dramatic style, he passes himself off as a "Crow," captured in his childhood by the Whites; his simple parents receive him with honest enthusiasm; chiefs of the highest respectability offer

him their daughters, and he not only takes all the ladies presented to him, but he treats some with brutality, to show that he is a genuine Indian, and seduces others, as if to prove to his friends that he has not forgotten the habits and morals of the Whites. The Indian husbands, however, have a way of their own for punishing the gay Lotharios who entice the squaws from their duty, and no part of Mr. Beckwourth's book has afforded us such gratification as that in which he tells us that his wicked gallantry earned him such a scourging as well nigh drove him mad,—but which did not go deep enough to eradicate his evil propensities.

Among the Crows he became the first of braves,—but with an eye to business and beaver-skins all the time. The dramatic structure of the story is here at its greatest development, and we are reminded of the stage at every step. There are "terrific combats of six,"—*tableaux* of war-life and village-life,—plot and counterplot,—and no end of those tremendously discriminating rounds of musquetry which are poured pell-mell into all the characters assembled, but which slay only the ruffians of the piece. The Indian feats of the hero are beyond description. He flings the hatchet at his wives, and in other directions. His long bow becomes him as if he were Indian-born; ninety-five miles are put behind him, as the Germans would say, in a single day,—and he on foot; and Indian romance is outdone by this incomparable mountaineer. The drama, too, has variety of locality. In one act, for instance, we have the return home,—the wonder of his family at finding him alive,—his own equanimity at hearing that "Eliza" is married, and a general dance of characters, to bring down the drop-scene with applause.

Then, the last act is in and about California; and as the period of this portion of the play represents the transition time of that locality, there is ample space for fight, song, dance, clap-trap, and rattling choruses; and of all these the very most is made. But the longest of melo-dramas must come to an end at last, and so, after a world of incidents, does the "Life of a pseudo-Crow." Towards the end of the piece, the hero dashes across the stage, mounted, and in the full panoply of a terrible equestrian Indian. Immediately after, we behold him "in citizen's dress"; there, to his side, bounds "Pine-Leaf," the most favoured of his many wives; a song in praise of her virtues follows; and a brilliant transparency represents this happy pair in the characters of host and hostess welcoming travellers to some Californian "Dun Cow," on some Pacific-bordering "Muck-slush Heath." When we closed the book, we fancied we heard the cry—"Porter, apples, cider; bill of the play!"

All the world knows what the good Bishop of Ferns said when he took off his spectacles on concluding the last page of "Gulliver"—"I don't believe half of it!" We will not speak so decidedly of the story of a hero whose rifle might reach across the Atlantic, who now wears a perforated bullet hanging from his neck, and whom we might find chairman of a vigilance committee on our next visit to San Francisco. We will rather content ourselves with remarking, that if only half here set down be truth, why, then, assuredly, "the captain is a wonderful man!"

Nevertheless, in this story dictated from memory, and taken down by a "wanderer in the mountains of California," there are, doubtless, genuine traits of Indian life; and one or two may afford some idea of the contents of the book. Here is an Indian method for recovering travellers exhausted by fatigue and starvation.—

"We encamped with them that night, and they

continued the same regimen of small periodic doses of gruel. Several times a large Indian seized hold of an arm of each of us, and forced us into a run until our strength was utterly exhausted. Others of the party would then support us on each side, and urge us on till their own strength failed them. After this discipline, a spoonful or two of gruel would be administered to us. This exercise being repeated several times, they at length placed before us a large dish containing venison, bear-meat, and turkey, with the invitation to eat all we wanted. It is unnecessary to say that I partook of such a meal as I never remember to have eaten before or since."

Indian fathers-in-law are not in the least like European gentlemen similarly situated. Beckwourth ordered his wife not to dance. Of course, the lady did, and said she liked it.—

"This was a sting which pierced my very heart. Taking my battle-axe, and forcing myself into the ring, I watched my opportunity, and struck my disobedient wife a heavy blow in the head with the side of my battle-axe, which dropped her as if a ball had pierced her heart. I dragged her through the crowd, and left her; I then went back to my tent."

—Then, added the excellent father-in-law,—

"That thing disobeyed her husband; he told her not to dance; she disobeyed him; she had no ears; he killed her, and he did right. He did as you all would have done, and you shall neither kill nor harm him for it."

Great uproar ensued. The gentlemen prepared to slay the husband, but at the critical moment up rose the pearl of *beau-pères*, and very sagaciously remarked:—

"My son, you have done right; that woman I gave you had no sense; her ears were stopped up; she would not hearken to you, and you had a right to kill her. But I have another daughter, who is younger than she was. She is more beautiful; she has good sense and good ears. You may have her in the place of the bad one; she will hearken to all you say to her."

Subsequently, we are informed.—

"Among the Indians, the daughter receives no patrimony on her wedding-day, and her mother and father never pass a word with the son-in-law after—a custom religiously observed among them, though for what reason I never learned. The other relatives are under no such restraint."

It is rather hard, however, that the Indian father-in-law should be made to suffer for the crimes of his daughter's husband. This is too often the case among the Whites; but the sons-in-law do not offend with impunity. Here is the manner in which our Chief treats a gallant who has been "too civil by half" to the Chief's squaw.—

"Big Rain ordered his wife and me to be surrounded. I was seized by Big Rain, together with half-a-dozen of his sisters, all armed with scourges, and they administered a most unmerciful whipping. I lay down to it, and received it with true Indian fortitude, though I certainly did think they would beat me to death. If I had resisted, they would have been justified in killing me; also, if they had drawn one drop of blood from me, I should have been justified in taking their lives. They laid it on so unmercifully, that I became angry, and hoped they would draw blood. After the flagellation was performed, the next penalty was, to strip my father and myself of all our horses and other effects (our war-implements excepted). My father was stripped of five hundred horses. I lost about eighty."

We add one more incident, to show that if the Red Man perishes swiftly, it is not through fire-water alone.—

"Two of our men and one of the Snakes having strolled down to the Pun-nak lodges one evening, they were set upon, and the Snake was killed, and the two of our camp came home wounded. The morning volunteers were called to punish the Pun-naks for their outrage. Two hundred and fifteen immediately presented themselves at the call, and our captain appointed Bridger leader of the troop. We started to inflict vengeance, but when we arrived at the site of the village, behold! there was no village there. They had packed up and left imme-

diately after the perpetration of the outrage, they fearing, no doubt, that ample vengeance would be taken upon them. We followed their trail forty-five miles, and came up with them on Green River. Seeing our approach, they all made across to a small island in the river. 'What shall we do now, Jim?' inquired our leader. 'I will cross to the other side with one half the men,' I suggested, 'and get abreast of the island. Their retreat will be thus cut off, and we can exterminate them in their trap.'—'Go,' said he, 'I will take them if they attempt to make this shore.' I was soon in position, and the enfilading commenced, and was continued until there was not one left of either sex or any age. We carried back four hundred and eighty-eight scalps, and, as we then supposed, annihilated the Pun-nak band. On our return, however, we found six or eight of their squaws, who had been left behind in the flight, whom we carried back and gave to the Snakes."

La Harpe says that the "wonderful" in quacks imposes only on fools; and that the "wonderful" in men of talent may deceive even men of wit. We do not say that this book is pure charlatanism, and we certainly cannot accuse it of "talent." It is just a collection of those astonishing incidents which, according to Madame de Staël, should be put in rhyme, plain prose being unequal to their suitable expression.

Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia. By M. L. de Tegoborski. Vol. II. Longman & Co.

THESE Commentaries, in spite of the ambiguity of their statistics, present, at least, an ample and interesting view of Russian industry and trade. M. de Tegoborski, however, is not content with describing the general progress of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce in Russia. With the aid of a mystical calculus, he extracts the result of a mass of tabular returns, audits the profit and loss of lands, factories and ships, and offers, practically, the public and private balance-sheet of the empire. Now, although it is more safe to estimate the amount of foreign trade than the value of produce, Russia is a country in which a vast proportion of the traffic is carried on between one province and another, and not through ports or frontier towns. M. de Tegoborski admits the difficulty, and is often forced to be content with an approximation, with a combination of figures belonging to different years, or with reference to doubtful authorities. On the subject of the silk manufactures of Russia he lays out a pleasing "total," representing a value of more than fourteen millions of roubles. But, upon examination, we are far from sure that the statement is justified by M. de Tegoborski's efforts "to keep as near the mark as possible." First, the average consumption of Caucasian silk "may be estimated approximately" at a fixed amount. Add to this the Persian, Turkish, and European importations, hypothetically valued, and M. de Tegoborski obtains the necessary result from his very "incomplete data." Treating of iron, he "assumes," for the population of St. Petersburg and the Baltic provinces, an average individual consumption. But it is in summing up the resources of the empire that M. de Tegoborski displays the greatest facility of assumption. He has estimated the value of the crude products of Russia at more than two thousand millions of roubles. An "approximative calculation" enables him to distinguish between that which is consumed by the producers and that which is disposable for home and foreign commerce. After a succession of such phrases as "we will reckon," "we may reckon," "if we reckon," "we may safely estimate," "we will make the moderate estimate," and others, implying doubt and mystification, M. de Tegoborski says,— "As the whole of our estimates have been formed on the

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most moderate basis, we consider that we may set down at the slump sum of 900 millions of silver roubles the total mass of values which compose the home trade of the empire, wholesale and retail." Parallel with his "moderation," we must remember his "unbounded confidence" in the resources of Russia, and that he has quoted an array of very questionable figures as "irrefragable testimony."

Nevertheless, M. de Tegoborski's work is not only interesting, but valuable. We expect from no one an exact estimate of the productive development of Russia. The ground is too irregular to be traversed with certainty; the statistics that exist have been drawn up under no central supervision and upon no systematic plan. If, however, we attempt to understand the agricultural, commercial, and industrial interests of Russia, we can learn a large part of what we desire to know from the Commentaries of M. de Tegoborski. Sceptical as we may be of his tables and returns, his general reports and particular descriptions contain an abundance of authentic matter, distributed into a succession of lucid and practical summaries. We refer specially to the account of the Russian leather manufactories, for boots and book-binding, of tobacco, cotton, and iron. M. de Tegoborski says:—

"The high price of iron is a great evil, both for agriculture and for most branches of industry,—a truth so generally recognised, that it seems trivial to repeat it. Experience has also shown that there are few articles of which the consumption is so elastic, or so much regulated by price. Where cheap, as in England and the free ports of Germany, it often takes the place of wood and stone; where dear, wood usurps the place of it, even for those purposes for which the use of iron seems the most natural of any. We find in the rural buildings of our western provinces wooden nails taking the place of iron nails; and even amongst easy, if not wealthy proprietors, we find locks and bolts at park gates and garden doors, and sometimes at barn doors too, replaced by wooden latches, and hinges by osier rings, by which the doors are hung upon the posts, whilst their richer brethren who use the metal article grumble sadly at its price. Throughout a great part of the empire farm-horses are without shoes, and farm-carts without tire; axles are of wood; spades of wood covered with a thick coating of iron; and in many districts the ploughshare itself is wood with an iron point. Implements of that description were to be seen at the St. Petersburg show of agricultural products in 1850."

On the other hand:—

"The manufacture from copper of various household utensils, such as chandeliers, lamps, basins, kettles, coffee-pots, scales, &c., is one of our older and more advanced branches of industry; and the greater part of these articles, those especially of which the use in Russia is of ancient date, sell at a moderate price. Our *samovars* (charcoal kettles) are known over all the north of Germany, and they are so common in Russia that even in the villages there is scarcely a comfortable peasant's house without one."

Something may be learnt of the social state of Russia from the following paragraph, written by a councillor of the empire:—

"The manufacture of luxurious furniture is pushed, especially at St. Petersburg, to a high degree of perfection; but although the foreign woods, arriving by sea, are as cheap there as anywhere else, the price of the manufactured articles is most exorbitant, and out of all comparison with the prices in other countries. This is owing partly to the high cost of skilled labour, arising from the limited number of good artisans and the want of competition. On the other hand, common furniture, for the use of the more numerous classes, is of very bad quality: the wood is seldom well seasoned; the workmanship is almost invariably careless. The same remark is applicable to joiners' work in buildings; in houses inhabited by the middle classes the doors and windows are warped, and will not shut close: in the

provincial towns it is still worse. It may be said that with us the manufacture knows no medium. It furnishes either articles of luxury of the utmost perfection, or articles of very slight make and inferior quality."

The use of medicine, M. de Tegoborski remarks, is much more limited in Russia than in other countries. Pearls and precious stones are extensively imported; the importation of books, prints, pictures, and music increases sensibly, "but the value of the importations is small for an empire like Russia." English porter and ale are charged with heavy duties, which have been more than doubled since 1819, yet the consumption has regularly increased. The duty amounts to nearly 300 per cent. on the value.

Sight-seeing in Germany and the Tyrol in the Autumn of 1855. By Sir John Forbes Smith, Elder & Co.

Sir John Forbes is a bold man. With no fear of Mr. Murray's Handbooks, he methodically describes the sights he saw during a tour in Germany and the Tyrol, and, with singular honesty of purpose, proclaims to all who might be tempted by the title of his book to read it, that "it professes to give a short account or description of whatever seemed to the author most worthy of notice in the cities and towns visited, and in the scenery of the countries passed through—and it professes no more." We are bound to say Sir John Forbes adheres most strictly to his dry promise: unmindful that he repeats what Guides and Handbooks have been for years proclaiming to the world. He gives us the population of every town he visits, its situation, aspect, number of palaces, picture-galleries, churches, &c.—the statistics of which are probably even more familiar to the Englishman than those of his own public buildings. For what conceivable use, excepting for the purpose of book-making, is it to write that "Weimar is on the Ilm, and was inhabited by Goethe and Schiller"—"Berlin, as everybody knows [why then print the fact?], stands on the borders of the river Spree"—"Dresden is situated on a plain occupying both sides of the Elbe"—"Prag, or, as we term it in England, Prague, the capital of Bohemia, is a splendid city, containing 124,181 inhabitants in 2,337 houses." Again, "Everybody knows that München, or, as it is called by the English, Munich, is the capital of Bavaria"—"Frankfurt is a large city"—"Cassel lies on the banks of the Fulda"—"Leipzig is a very handsome town"—and so on? Surely all this is very dreary reading, and we are amazed that a man of Sir John Forbes's experience should print what is so well known. With amusing simplicity, he lays bare his sources of inspiration and information. "I here again," he says, pausing in a description of a place, "committed a blunder of omission as a sight-seer, by not having sufficiently conned my Murray"; and we receive this advice: "For an accurate account of the many things imperfectly noticed by me, or merely named, or entirely overlooked, or voluntarily passed by, the reader knows well where to look and to find, in the pages of the Handbook, the guiding star of all travellers."

It was the boast of an author who gained high reputation as an artistic writer of travels by one small work that his book was thoroughly free from all useful statistics and geographical and historical disquisitions. Sir John Forbes might have added to his "Advertisement" that his pages would be found singularly barren of all adventure; and yet there are portions of the Continent through which he journeyed where tourists are not numerous, and where we well remember meeting not only with lovely scenery, but with curious people, strange customs, and

such travelling difficulties as gave zest to the tour.

But our author, who, in 1848, declared himself a sexagenarian, has passed that condition in which the body is as willing as the spirit—when mountains are climbed on horse or foot—and rugged defiles explored. Indeed, he does not conceal his love for easy travel. When in the Salzkammergut, he confesses that "a great mistake was made by me in making this journey, owing to my ignorance of the topography of the district. I was not aware that the celebrated falls of the Traun lay in the course of the river after its escape from the lake; and I only became aware of this after my arrival at Ischl, when I felt unwilling to retrace my steps,"—pretty conclusive evidence that our unenterprising tourist had not on this occasion "conned his Murray." So onward he went, and, as a specimen of his descriptive powers, here is his picture of what is justly considered one of the loveliest lakes in Germany:—

"The lake of Traun (Traunsee) runs nearly north and south, and is eight or nine English miles long, and about the average breadth of a mile and a half, or two miles. It is said to be 600 feet deep. This may be an exaggeration, but its great depth is proved by its being scarcely ever frozen over. It is, unquestionably, one of the most beautiful lakes in Germany, if, indeed, it be not the most beautiful. It reminds me more of the lake of Wallenstadt in Switzerland, than of any other, but it is decidedly more beautiful than the Swiss lake, though perhaps less grand, certainly less stern and rugged. As seen from the water, Gmünden, with its white houses lying close on the water's edge, and on the gentle slope above, and with its amphitheatre of green hills beyond, is a perfect picture of gentle beauty. At this extremity of the lake, the hills on the left bank (speaking of the lake as a mere expansion of the river) continue, for a short space to be low and rounded, but on the opposite side, the mountain boundary, beginning with the Traunstein, is, from the first, extremely bold, rising, sheer up from the water's edge, to the height of more than 4,000 feet. The cliffs of the Traunstein are especially striking, and are becomingly, and most accurately described in the English Hand-book, as having 'the appearance of a mountain split from top to bottom, and turned with its cleft side towards the lake.' As our steamer was passing under it, a far less complimentary comparison came into my mind, suggested, no doubt by its marked outline and its colour: Irreverently, I likened it to a *pear* cut in two, top and bottom-wise, and the other half thrown away. All along the lake, this bold rock-scenery continues on both sides the cliff, sometimes bare and stern, like the Traunstein, but more frequently subdued and beautified by patches of wood on the face of the cliffs. In many cases the covering of wood is more extensive; and on some of the boldest and loftiest of the mountains, as on the Sonnenstein on the left bank, it reaches to their very summit in the most luxuriant profusion. As we proceed onwards, the lake becomes gradually narrower, the narrowing commencing about the village of Traunkirche. This village, built on a small speck of broken table-land, at the foot of the mountains on the left bank, is most romantically situated. Its neat little church, with a lofty spire, is perched on the top of a small rocky promontory, projecting into the water; and as seen from the steamer, with its grand background of mountain, is, perhaps, the most beautiful bit of scenery on the lake. There is a superstitious belief prevalent among the boatmen of this lake, that it must have one human victim annually; and a legend connected with this Traunkirche and still preserved here, tells us how this victim was provided in one of the years of the old time. There was then a nunnery at Traunkirche, and among the nuns there was one, very beautiful of course, who so far forgot her vow, as to fall in love with a young miller, who lived at the Corbach mill (Corbachmühle) on the other side of the lake. Under the same inspiration that animated Leander, this youth was in the habit of swimming across the lake by night to visit his mistress; and this he continued to do, until the fatal

time arrived with the expiring year when the lake must have its victim. The hapless nun never saw her lover more.

The tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

Towards its southern extremity, the lake becomes considerably narrower, and its boundaries still loftier and sterner; and here its resemblance to the Walenstadtersee becomes more striking."

While it has been our duty to write thus disparagingly of this book, we are bound to say that it is not without value. As an itinerary setting forth how many miles may be travelled comfortably day by day, what may be seen, and what left unseen, "without any special regard to economy, at a less expense than twenty-four shillings per day," the book will be useful to travellers of a certain age, not up to doing all the sights "Murray" unfolds.

NEW NOVELS.

Arthur Brandon: a Novel. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"Arthur Brandon" abounds in free vigorous sketches both of life and scenery, which are dashed off with a freshness and vitality which the reader will feel to be charming; but if he expects a novel, he certainly will not find one in 'Arthur Brandon.' The shining threads are not woven into a texture: they remain at the end of the work loose, shining, and separate, as they were at the beginning. Of story there is as little as possible, and of plot none at all. There are characters and details in abundance, and out of these the reader may, if he pleases, construct a novel for himself; but the author has entirely declined to furnish anything, except the materials. The Author of 'Arthur Brandon' shows unmistakable tokens of ability, but there is no evidence that he possesses the faculty which gives its sterling value to ability,—the power of consecutive sustained labour progressing to a well-developed result. He has produced a series of clever, lively sketches and descriptions, but he has not written a novel. As a work of art his book is incomplete and unsatisfactory; we welcome it, however, as an indication of what he might do if he chose to cultivate the homely qualities of industry and application. There is so much genuine, fresh, and genial talent scattered throughout the book that it grieves us to give such a qualified commendation:—the pictures of Rome and of artist life in Rome are especially good, and it depends upon the author alone to enable us to speak of his next work in a way that will be more to his—and to our—satisfaction.

Young Singleton. By Talbot Gwynne. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—"Young Singleton" is written with care, and is well finished. The workmanship is good, and the story is interesting. It is composed from slight materials, and displays skill and delicacy in the development of character and incident; but when it comes to scenes that require a strong grasp and a mastery over the deeper sources of human suffering and emotion, there is a lack of power. There are several extremely good and effective situations, but the interest is allowed to evaporate in description and detail. The conception is throughout far better than the execution. The character of the Nabob, Young Singleton's father, is well imagined,—the intense and helpless egoism, the shadow of long-since transacted wickedness darkening and lengthening over the poor miserable valetudinarian, is well delineated; but when the terrible disease is declared which must have its end in certain death and horrible suffering, and the suicide by which he escapes (fit retribution for such a life), the idea, though good, is not worked in with adequate vigour. The reader feels himself much less impressed than might have been expected. In the case of the hero, Young Singleton, his morbid, sensitive self-love, with its rank undergrowth of envy, hatred, malice, and insane vanity, is all along drawn with admirable insight; but when these qualities reach their culminating point the interest falls short of the situation. The intense hatred which the hero conceives for the man who is his friend, and who has behaved to

him like a brother, is extremely well drawn, and is, moreover, quite true to human nature,—for, such as Richard Brownlow had loved and served him, he had thwarted the bent of his genius and had utterly misunderstood him. Singleton, as he actually was, could not have done otherwise than hate Brownlow; and the hatred he feels is delineated with a keen, subtle perception that is admirable, but the author lacks dramatic force; neither terror nor "the milder grief of pity" is produced. The same feebleness of execution is manifested in the conclusion of the novel, which is altogether unsatisfactory to the reader. A mere shadowy indication of a misty moonlight night and a dismal pond is not sufficient to produce any emotion, except in the hands of a master of effect;—with the author of 'Young Singleton' they are feeble, ineffective, and indistinct. In spite of drawbacks and shortcomings, 'Young Singleton' is a remarkable and original novel, and we do not care how soon Talbot Gwynne is induced to give us another.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Cathedra Petri: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books I. and II. From the First to the close of the Fifth Century. By F. Greenwood. (Stewart.)—In the preface to this volume Mr. Greenwood prefers an accusation against the general reader. He complains that an apparent aversion for sustained or laborious reading has operated to the serious discouragement of historical and philosophical students. "An established literary reputation; a light, airy, agreeable style; a dashing and picturesque manner; a sharp, enthusiastic, or dogmatic mode of presenting his subject to a selected class of readers,—all these characteristics may help off an edition of a work even of graver import from the pen of the public favourite." The demand for these qualities (excepting the dogmatism, which is not the exclusive property of lively writers) speaks well for the literary taste of the public; but is there, in point of fact, any ground for Mr. Greenwood's complaint, sharpened, as it is, with an unintelligent reference to "the sublimities of liberalism"? Never was the art of historical criticism so perfect as in our own day, never were historical investigations more searching. Never before, probably, was the study of classical literature so popular, though the preference of living to dead languages has given large employment to translators. Nor has Mr. Greenwood any right to object that ecclesiastical history is out of favour, seeing that Eusebius, Socrates, Theodoret, Evagrius, Philo Judeus, and Sozomen belong to that class of cheap literature which provokes his regrets. This reflection may be consolatory, even to an author who publishes an English book with a Latin title, and recommends himself only to the attention of a "few readers." For our own part, we think the volume might have appeared to more advantage without this paragraph of prefatory warning. It is no more necessary for religious history to be dull, than for religious architecture to be heavy, bald, and mean. Why should not the annals of the Church be constructed with gothic richness, and glow with colours as of painted windows, and open vast perspectives of cathedral grandeur? Mr. Greenwood, it is true, has written without a perception of this possibility; his style is opaque, scholastic, and slow; but he possesses some of the qualities of the historian; he has a quiet, judicial way of citing witnesses; he deals dispassionately with the record of opinions and events; he has gone to original authorities, collating them with the mass of compiled histories of more recent date, and taking advantage of all the criticism that has been elicited by either class of writers. His work, he informs us, is complete in MS. down to the close of the great contest of investitures in the thirteenth century, and would occupy five volumes similar to this, the first, which leads to the close of the fifth century. The subjects treated are—the Apostolic and Post-apostolic periods, the rise of Episcopacy with the struggles which ensued, and the eras named successively the Oligarchical, the Constantinean, the Nicene, the Sardinian, Ante-Theodosian, Honorian, Nestorian, and Leonine, followed by a recapitulatory view of

the condition and relation of Church and State at the end of the fifth century. The book displays an amplitude of scholarship well condensed and applied with considerable skill to the elucidation of an interesting history.

Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland; with Routes through Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine. By Francis Coghlan. (Tallant & Allen.)—Mr. Coghlan is an old guide-maker. He has shown the English tourist through Germany, Russia, Italy, and other "foreign parts," not in the scholarly and satisfactory manner of Murray, but pleasantly and carefully. This new manual is for the tourist in Switzerland. It is neat and readable, and its information as to routes, prices, and hotels appears, so far as we have tested it, reliable. Innocent travellers, however, need to be warned against the deaths from fatigue that may ensue from "easy excursions," and from seeing all that may be seen (in a guide-book) in a morning.

The Barber's Shop. By R. W. Procter. With Illustrations by W. Martin. (Manchester, Dinham & Co.; London, Simpkin & Co.)—This is a gossiping book, bearing the epigraph, "Trifles light as (hair)," which may serve to indicate its humour. The sketches are not without a certain merit, but the author would be the better for discipline, and his quality is worth the trouble of such subjection. The illustrations display originality and feeling. Author and artist together may do something better next time.

Hints on Dress for Ladies. By Mrs. A. Adams. (Groombridge.)—These hints have been in print before, but they are so sensible as to merit a word of commendation. "How to cut out a Body" has a fierce sound with it; "More Hints on Petticoats" sounds sarcastic; while "Hints on Pockets" has a financial echo, and might indeed have been rendered philosophical. But the authoress fits her readers according to pattern, and does not go beyond. The chapter "How to make a Comfortable Warm Petticoat" shows that Mrs. A. Adams is at issue with the rollicking Irish bard, who anathemized flannel, and sang "the ague for ever!" Mrs. Adams's suggestions, however, tend towards alpaca lined with glazed lining and white wadding. We have some doubt about this, as regards one of the objects for which it is recommended, but for which we refer ladies to the little volume itself. As for a "moreen petticoat," the author asserts that it "is only fit for a Highlander to wear." "Sawndy" in a moreen petticoat would be a pleasant sight in Piccadilly.

On the Artificial Breeding of Fish and Leeches.—[La Pisciculture, &c.] By Auguste Jourdier. With an Introduction by M. Coste. (Paris, Hachette & Co.)—Pococke, we think, mentions that mullets caught at Damietta are coated with wax, and thus sent fresh to all parts of the Turkish Empire. But, so fond are men of fish, that it has become necessary to multiply, as well as to preserve them, artificially. That poor Greek in Antiphanes who dared not look at the large Coptic eel he was too poor to buy, lest the sight of it should turn him to marble, was no exaggerator. Did not one of his countrymen declare that a short life and pickled thunny was better than immortality and beef and mutton? Did not the Dutch erect a statue to Bukel, who taught them to salt their herrings? Therefore, M. Coste is right in claiming for the art of breeding fish a place among the sciences; and M. Jourdier is right in setting forth familiarly, for railway readers, the whole philosophy of the matter. As certain theorists have affirmed that the souls of pigs only form an ethereal salt to keep their flesh from putrefying, so it is generally agreed that the best use you can make of a fish is to eat it, unless it be uneatable or ornamental. But M. Jourdier proves that, whether from eating too fast or from other causes, the French nation is in danger of losing its lenten dinners, and that its fisheries, like its forests, are in need of conservation. "Sooner or later," he says, "the fish threaten to disappear from all our rivers, and even from our coasts. They are already scarce and dear, some species having almost entirely dwindled away. What has become of the magnificent Roman *lupus*? What will our fishermen say when they learn that, in 1750, in England, 3,500 salmon were taken at a single

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draught!" Then to restore the good old fisheries, it has been proposed—and many successful experiments have been carried out—to repeople the seas and rivers by artificial methods. "In our country," says M. Jourdiere, "whenever any discovery is announced, some *savant* almost invariably comes forward to prove, dogmatically, that it is no discovery at all, but that it was known to the Chinese long before we were born. Thus with the artificial breeding of fish: that was not allowed to be an exception to the rule. According to certain authors, the first experiments of this nature are traceable to China, where the art has been practised from immemorial times. Doubtless, the Chinese understood, to some extent, the rearing of fish, and practised what may be called *pieciculture*; but artificial fecundation, such as we describe, is a very modern discovery." What is done in China, in fact, is simply this:—when, at the usual season, the fish ascend the rivers from the sea, and deposit their spawn in the reservoirs and canals of the interior, the wealthy mandarins, who are careful to prepare artificial beds, contrive to nurture the young fish and to convert them into the staple of a profitable trade. Similar arts, as described by Columella, were practised by the Romans,—the devices of Lucullus being more ingenious than those of any lord of the Blue Button. Nothing in the East, even in the mechanical empire of China, ever equalled the artistic oyster-beds of Orata. In the present century, many attempts have been made to procure the artificial propagation of fish upon a large scale, and the names of Jacobi, Gehin, and Coste have become famous in connexion with various methods of satisfying this favourite desire of French science. It is not many years since M. Coste obtained from the French Government a grant of 30,000 francs for the establishment of a sort of fish factory at Huningue. A good deal of satire was directed against his scheme; but, while the laughter went on, 1,500,000 eggs were produced,—a matter of speculation became a matter of certainty,—delegates from every province of France, and from several European countries, came to observe the wonderful process,—and considerable results are recorded in Switzerland, Germany, and England. It is well known that the fecundity of fish is enormous. As many as a quarter of a million of eggs have been found in a carp, seven millions in a sturgeon, nine millions in a codfish. Of course, what is an egg to-day is not necessarily a fish to-morrow, or, as M. Jourdiere reminds us, the ocean would not be able to hold the herrings. The practical chapters of his volume, neatly illustrated on wood, are devoted to a minute but popular explanation of the several processes necessary for the artificial propagation of fish. In the first place, the eggs are deposited by manipulation, the "artist" tending them until they burst to life, whereupon the young fish become the objects of the most scrupulous assiduity, involving a complex apparatus of boxes, partitions, and reservoirs, in which they are reared for the river or sea. This transfer requires much discreet care,—such fish as salmon, which live alternately in fresh and salt water, being placed in the streams and left to find their way downwards, at the season known to the instinct of their tribe. By the means explained by M. Jourdiere, fish are produced in various departments of France, by hundreds of thousands. M. Jourdiere's little volume may take rank with the well-known essay of Piscarius on the same subject.

The Merchant Vessel: a Sailor Boy's Voyages to see the World. By the Author of 'Man-of-War Life.' (Low & Co.)—This 'Merchant Vessel' is to our mind more amusing than 'Man-of-War Life,' and will, we think, be more apt to captivate its readers. The "yarns" are good, and told with the genuine sailor touch. There is a vividness and truth in the delineations of sailor life that will make it an excellent book to place in the hands of ardent youths smitten with the desire to go to sea. It tells them fairly what they have to expect, and they will at least go with their eyes open. It is the American merchant service that is here described; but sailor life is, we suspect, essentially the same all the world over. The book

is well and carefully written and in an excellent spirit.

After the Wedding. By the Author of 'Home Truths for Home Peace.' (Wesley.)—This is rather an amusing little book, and contains some good sense mixed up with a great deal of nonsense. There is a lively description of the heroine as a child, which is pleasant; but when she grows up into a heroine and takes to high flights of emotion, we confess our inability to understand what she means by what she says.

The Happy Cottage; or, the Power of Love. By the Author of 'Kate Vernon,' &c. (Newby.)—This is a good child's book. The story is to show how a very naughty little boy, instead of the flogging he richly deserved on sundry occasions, is quite converted from his wicked ways by having his "evil rewarded with good." It is intended as a lesson for children to profit by, but we much doubt whether genuine human nature could be brought into such wonderful training, and we doubt the justice if it could.

The Language of Specifications of Letters Patent for Inventions, by John Macgregor, Barrister-at-Law,—*An Analysis of the Statistics of the Clearing House during the Year 1839,* with an Appendix on the London and New York Clearing Houses, by Mr. Charles Babbage,—*Remarks on the Opening up of a Communication between the East Coast of the Peninsula of India and the Cotton Districts of Nagpore,* by Lieut.-Col. Grimes,—*Usurers and Rivals, an Answer to the Question Why does not India Produce more Cotton?* by an Indian Civil Servant,—*The London Sewage Question,* by G. R. Booth,—and *a Plan for a Suspension Pier, or Jetty, at Madras,* by J. H. Taylor, suggest their objects by their titles.—M. E. H. Hall, of Chicago, has published a neat and plain *Handbook to Canada and the North-West States of America*,—and Mr. J. M. Grant, of Montreal, a second edition of *Canada, its Advantages to Settlers*, an useful compilation, addressed to emigrants.—*Manuals for the Many* are little threepenny books, by various writers, on Gardening, Farming, and Bee-keeping.—A Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland, on patriotic purpose bent, has written an account of *The Sporting Capabilities of Ireland* in general, and Waterford in particular. He maintains that Irish grouse are better than Scotch,—that pheasants may be "got up" in Ireland in as great numbers as in England,—that the starved rooks in 1854 killed the snipes by thousands,—and that the ancient Irish elk, which sometimes stand twenty-four hands high, and would make "capital coach-horses," ought to be reinstated. The pamphlet is well worth reading.—Among special varieties, we have the *Seventh Annual Report of the London Mesmeric Infirmary*,—*The Progress of Preventive Medicine and Sanitary Measures*, the Thurston Speech at Caius College, by Dr. A. W. Barclay,—and *A Few Particulars likely to be Useful to the Port Phillip Shareholders*, by Mr. Christopher Richardson.—The Wine-Duties Reduction Committee have issued an account of their proceedings and of the debate in Parliament on Mr. Oliveira's motion.—Mr. W. R. Wilde, to *An Inquiry into the Time of the Introduction and General Use of the Potato in Ireland, and its various Failures*, appends a curious notice of the substance called bog-butter, a hard, yellowish-white substance, like old Stilton cheese, almost always found in wood, either in vessels cut out of one piece or in long firkins. It is not known how long a period would be necessary to produce the change in the butter—if butter it be—or when the Irish ceased to use their bogs in this way chemically.

Mr. C. Van Santwoord, a minister of the Reformed Dutch Church of Sangerties, New York, has printed a volume of *Discourses on Special Occasions and Miscellaneous Papers*, including moral, critical, and "strictly religious" essays.—*America the Tarshish of Scripture* is an attempt at historical and geographical identification.—*The Right Principle of the Interpretation of Scripture considered in reference to the Eucharist* is a charge delivered by Dr. Whately at his triennial visitation of the province of Dublin,—and *Poison and its Antidote*, a correspondence, on personal matters, between the Rev. J. E. Gladstone, Mr. T. Stephens, and the

Bishop of Exeter.—Certain historical or literary "doubts" are periodically revived. Here is *An Enquiry into the Origin of the Authorship of the Earlier Waverley Novels*, by Mr. G. J. French, "printed for presentation," attributing a large share in the composition of the Novels to Thomas Scott.—'La Traviata' has elicited some *Remarks on the Morality of Dramatic Compositions*, which will not much assist the discussion.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annual Register for the Year 1855, Vol. 97, 8vo. 18s. 6d.
Autobiography of a Beggar Boy, 3rd edit. 16s. 12d. 6d.
Bageotte (L.), a new and revised edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d. 6d.
Bowman's Poetry: selected for the Use of Schools, 16s. 12d. 6d.
Bowstead's Practical Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 51s. 6d.
Bray's Novels and Romances, Vol. 2, 'De Polir,' 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d.
Cornwell and Fitch's Science of Arithmetic, 2nd edit. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
Dumas, The Lady with the Camelias, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d.
Experiences of a Barrister, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d.
Gleig's Series, 'Mr. Leod's Class Atlas of Physical Geography,' 2s. 6d.
Golovin's Stars and Stripes, 8vo. 3s. 6d. 6d.
Goose, The Aquarium, 2nd edit. 8vo. 17s. 6d.
Great Battles of the British Army, new edit. post 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Hewitson's (Rev. W. H.) Memoir, by Baillie, 6th edit. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Hilberd's Book of the Water Cabinet, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Howell's Perfect Peace, by the Rev. D. Pileira, new edit. 2s. 6d.
Laspelle's Calisthenics; or, Elements of Bodily Culture, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Maunell's Dublin Practice of Midwifery, new edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Nesker's Notes and Queries for Worcestershire, 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Our Miscellany, edited by E. H. Yates and F. R. Brough, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Parlour Library, 'James's Margaret Graham,' 1s. 6d.
Peacock's Maid Marian and Orchestral Castle, new edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Preston's History of Human Life and its Three Eras, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Ruff's Guide to the Turf, Autumn Supplement, 18mo. 1s. 6d. 6d.
Salvo's Spanish and English Idiomatic Phrases, 18mo. 1s. 6d. 6d.
Science of Mind; or, Pneumology, Vol. 1, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6d.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair, new edit. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Wallace's Outlines of Descriptive Geography, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
York's Original Researches in the Word of God, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE AUTHORITY FOR THE NON-OBSERVANCE OF THE SEVENTH DAY.

It is recorded in Holy Scripture, Gen. ii. 2 & 3, That, on the Seventh Day of the creation, Almighty God "blessed and sanctified the Seventh Day," this He did, without exemption of any Nation, or limitation to any time; the command, therefore, is universal and imperative.

It is asserted, in direct contradiction of the expressed declaration in this record, That God did not deliver this command, on the Seventh Day of the creation; but as there is no command in Holy Scripture for the observance of the Seventh Day, but this, previous to the time of the Seventh Day being treated of, as a commonly known and observed institution, see Exod. xvi. 23, &c.; this assertion cannot be regarded.

It is asserted, That though our Blessed Lord or His Apostles are not recorded in Holy Scripture to have commanded, yet the Apostles and first Christians, in addition to their observance of the Seventh Day as a Sabbath, are recorded to have observed a Second Day in each week as a day for assembling together for Religious purposes, namely, The First Day of the week; and further, it is asserted, That this day in Holy Scripture is called "The Lord's Day."

This is all that Holy Scripture does, or is asserted to record on this subject; and as our inquiry has relation to a command of God, we cannot give heed unto Tradition, without incurring our Blessed Lord's condemnation of the man of His time, saying He condemned them, not for any fallacy in the argument they had constructed; but for the impiety of constructing any argument on Tradition, to change any command of God. See St. Mark vii. 13.

It therefore appears, That there is no authority for the Non-observance of the Seventh Day, above, Dogmatic Teaching; or, The Edict of a Living Infallible Head.

May Almighty God grant us to consider, Whether if the Non-observance of the Seventh Day is not proved by St. Paul, and where is it preached by him? we are not cursed by the apostle, if we so Preach, even though we claim to have powers equal to the Angels of Heaven. See Galatians i. 8.

HERMAN HEINFETTER.

17, Fenchurch-street,
1st Sabbath of 1852.

P.S. Sept. 1, 1856. Again, for the One Million Three Hundred Thousandth time, I inquire, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord?"

DR. LIVINGSTON'S REMARKABLE JOURNEY.

THE account of Dr. Livingston's journey, given in the report of the proceedings of the British Association in the *Athenæum* of the 30th ult., is in itself so interesting, that no one conversant with geographical pursuits can read it without desiring to throw as much light as he can upon the subject, or to call for explanation where the narrative is obscure. Some explanation seems, indeed, to be in this case absolutely necessary; for it is by no means desirable that, with respect to an achievement so well calculated to fix the attention of the civilized world, any misconceptions should be propagated on what seems high authority.

It is stated in the report in the *Athenæum*, that Livingston's third letter "was from Teté (at present the innermost Portuguese settlement, under Mozambique, 200 miles perhaps from the sea), lower down the same river (the Zambeze), near the tract from whence he had

been accompanied across the continent by the natives, whose fidelity to him during his perilous adventures had been rewarded by being instructed and reconducted to their native place." From this and some other expressions, it appears that Dr. Livingston is supposed to have crossed Africa from the Zambéze, (which enters the Indian Ocean near Quillmane, on the eastern coast of Africa), to Loanda, in Angola, on the western coast, and thence to have returned directly to the same Zambéze. But this is a flagrant and unpardonable mistake. The truth is, that his starting point was in the middle of the continent, 700 miles, at least, from the eastern Zambéze.

Dr. Livingston started from the great river flowing, north of Lake Ngami, in a general direction from north to south and south-east, which, from a town or the population on its banks, he variously calls the river of Sesheke or of Barotse. Higher up, he learned to call it the Leambye. By the natives of the countries still further north, on the main line of communication between the eastern and western coasts, it is named the Luamegi. Now, our traveller, setting out with erroneous and antiquated ideas of African geography, was disposed to believe that this great navigable river became lower down the Zambéze; and he had no difficulty in picking up reports calculated to confirm the theory with which his mind was preoccupied. Thus, he says, "the natives, who have been to the eastward, know of the Sesheke being joined by another river, at about a month's distance from the town, which beyond the junction assumes the name Zambesa, or Zambesi." (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, xxii. p. 168.) And again, when speaking of the cataracts of the Sesheke, he remarks: "This waterfall may have prevented the slave-dealer from sailing up this river, which we believe to be the main branch of the Zambesi." (*Ibid.*) To the Church Missionary Society, he wrote that it was his intention "to descend the river Leambye, or Zambesi."

To the Portuguese in Loanda, this imaginary discovery of a connexion between the Zambéze and the great river of the interior was doubtless agreeable, and they accepted it without hesitation. In the accounts announcing the arrival of Dr. Livingston at that place, what was previously hypothesis is made to figure as absolute fact, and the great river is always called the Zambéze. Mr. Gabriel, in his letter from Loanda, after the traveller's return eastwards, says: "I have just received a letter from Dr. Livingston, announcing his safe arrival at Naliek, in the Borotse country, distant from this place about 800 miles, and, according to the map he was good enough to give me, showing his route from the Zambesi to Loanda, lying in latitude about 14° 30' S. and longitude 24° E. . . . He had been detained ten days at Naliek, waiting the construction of canoes with which to descend the Zambesi. . . . He expected to arrive at the Chobe in fifteen or twenty days." (*Proceedings of the Royal Geog. Soc.* iii. p. 56.)

The name Naliek is obviously a mis-reading for Naliele, or Narielle, which in the corrected map stands on the left bank of the Luamegi, or Leambye, in lat. 15° 25', long. 23°. It was to this point then, in the heart of the continent, that Dr. Livingston reconducted his faithful followers, and not to the eastern Zambéze.

Thus, it is perfectly manifest that Dr. Livingston started on his journey from the Luamegi, which he supposed to join, or become, the Zambéze lower down, and that from Loanda he returned to the same river, having learned in the mean time to call it unhesitatingly by the latter name. He then again set forward on his journey to the eastern coast. And what were the incidents, or results, of this very remarkable journey, of at least 700 miles, through regions utterly unknown? Of this the British Association and the public remain wholly uninformed. We venture to suppose that he descended the great river in boats, for 150 or 200 miles, till he became assured by the way, that he could never reach his destination on the eastern coast by continuing on the river. He, therefore, turned aside and marched 100 miles or more southwards, to Linyanti, on the Chobe, probably for the purpose of procuring cattle for the land

journey. Further we cannot trace his route. He wrote from Linyanti (in about lat. 18° S., long. 23° E.) in October, and from the Zambéze (conjecturally in lat. 15°, long. 32°) in January.

The mistake just pointed out in the interpretation of Dr. Livingston's letters has been attended with two unfortunate consequences:—1st. A communication has been made to the British Association, purporting to be an account of Dr. Livingston's journey across Africa. The wholly novel part of the route trodden lies between the rivers Luamegi and Zambéze. Of Dr. Livingston's journey from the Luamegi to Loanda, accounts were already published. Of the river Zambéze, its rocks, cataracts, and wild forests, Portuguese writers have, in the course of two centuries and a half, given us several descriptions. The problems to be solved by the traveller in the unknown intervening region were of the most interesting kind,—the ultimate destination of the waters of the Luamegi; and the eastern limits of the auriferous mountain region, which encircles the sources of the Zambéze. But in the account of the journey laid before the Association—purporting, doubtless, to be a fair and adequate statement—all that is novel and curious has been suppressed. Deep darkness covers the very region whence we expected a flood of light. And how could it be otherwise? Dr. Livingston's letters being misunderstood, led to the conclusion, that the details of the desert of the Zambéze were the details of the whole journey; and in the presence of this misconception, the narrative must have seemed a confused tissue of contradictions.

2ndly. A theory respecting the physical conformation of Africa has been propounded by Sir R. I. Murchison, whose opinion on such a subject is of the highest value,—namely, "that crests of hard and lofty rocks constitute both the eastern and western flanks of the continent, through which the rivers, escaping by deep fissures, have proceeded from a marshy, lacustrine, and broad central region of no great altitude." This theory applies unquestionably to a very extensive region, but certainly not to the whole continent, nor perhaps to more than a third of it south of the Equator. The Zambéze is, in reality, nothing but a great torrent, descending from a very elevated hilly region. Its floods are so violent as to render its navigation difficult in boats, and it cannot be entered by sailing vessels. In the dry season its waters are so low that the river ceases to be accessible from the sea, through any one of its many mouths, even by a canoe. But is it not unfortunate that the theory in question should be put forward in connexion with a view of the African interior, erroneously supposed to be warranted by Dr. Livingston, and which, so far from illustrating it, plainly militates against it? For if the same heights in the centre of Africa send down rivers towards the north, to join the Zaire and to reach the Atlantic after flowing 1,000 miles, and others again, southwards, which, with a winding course of 1,500 miles, arrive at the Indian Ocean, through the Zambéze,—surely the central heights in question offer no salient evidence of the lacustrine formation described. The rivers descend, in fact, from a plateau, about 5,000 feet high, with undulating surface, and they seem to make their way lower down, through rocks not unusually hard or conspicuous. But the case is altered when we know that the Luamegi—one of the greatest African rivers—does not reach the sea, but is lost in sandy plains, and, running southwards, beneath the sand on the underlying limestone, spreads even as far as the Kalihari Desert, and gives a surprising fertility to some thousand square miles of wilderness on which rain rarely falls. Little argument is needed to show that a river connected by innumerable canals with other rivers terminating in lakes or marshes,—connected, in short, with an extensive system of stagnant waters,—must be an imperfectly developed river. That the Luamegi has no connexion with the Zambéze cannot, at the present day, be deemed doubtful. The arguments adduced by me in proof of this point in 'Inner Africa laid open,' p. 134, have been pronounced quite conclusive by the most competent judges. Mr. Anderson says: "Mr. Cooley clearly

proves that there can be no connexion whatever between these rivers." And again: "In corroboration of Mr. Cooley's statement, I may add, that a very intelligent and well-travelled native at the lake told me that the Sesheke (Luamegi) does not run eastward, but continues to flow southward."

The ill consequences of the mistakes pointed out do not terminate here. It is impossible to look forward without anxiety to the appearance of that map of Dr. Livingston's journeys said to be in preparation. The traveller has evidently been much misunderstood; and the same cause of confusion here animadverted on,—namely, the misuse of names,—permeates all his materials. A considerable portion of the map in question has been already published by the Royal Geographical Society, and is extremely unsatisfactory. A map on the smallest scale is a very inadequate means of publishing the astronomical observations of Dr. Livingston, calculated and corrected by Mr. Maclear. Besides, the map in question does not illustrate the paper to which it is annexed, but, in an important region, is at variance with it on all points of geographical position, and, where uncontrolled by observations, it is liable to grave objections. A traveller's observations are mainly confined to his line of route. But he is not content with mapping his route: travelling along a line, he describes a wide area; and extends right and left, more or less by conjecture, the mountains, rivers, &c., met with. If he travel across the same region a second time by another route, then he has a more difficult task before him, with a new condition; for he is bound to make the amplified map of his second route agree with that of his first. It is manifest that such maps must consist of two elements,—viz., facts observed along the lines of route, and supplementary conjecture beyond those lines; and furthermore, that, if the maps of two such adjacent routes be irreconcilable, the source of discord must be sought, not in the real, but in the hypothetical material. Now, it appears that Dr. Livingston's maps of his two routes east of the Quango disagreed totally, and that they have been forced into unison by a very summary and clumsy process,—viz., not by modifying the hypothetical portion, wherein, doubtless, lay the seeds of disunion, but by cancelling the map of the first route with all its substantial particulars. A route (from the Leeba to Katema), which the traveller takes care to tell us went nearly N., is now altered to N.W. The distance between two rivers (the Chibine and the Chikapa), found by observations to be 19 miles, nearly in the same meridian, is now lengthened to 40 miles, with much distortion, and the Chikapa, distinctly described as flowing W.N.W. (to the left), is now represented with a course to the N. by E. (to the right). It is obvious that the changes here pointed out are not likely to be justified by any expressions of Dr. Livingston nor by any correction of his observations. We are not informed how far the annulment of Dr. Livingston's first route is founded on his express words or on inference; yet it is obvious that he may have inadvertently admitted into his second map a hypothesis incompatible with his first, and of which he did not perceive, and would not approve, the ulterior consequences. If this proceeding be itself erroneous, it is vain to think of sheltering it under Dr. Livingston's name. His authority is best followed when his statements, taken collectively, are turned to the best account.

When Dr. Livingston started on his remarkable journey he knew nothing of the recent researches made in Europe respecting the countries before him. He imagined that by going northwards he should strike on the river Quanza, by which he might descend to Loanda. Arrived at the last named place, he found there a great mass of information respecting the interior, collected by very ignorant native traders, and little improved by the critical discernment of the Europeans on the coast. The Portuguese have of late confounded the Muata ya Nvo with his Eastern neighbour the Cazembe, and give the name of Lunda to the former chief's capital. Traces of this confusion are to be found in Dr. Livingston's communications, and it is to be feared that he may have unsuspectingly imbibed in Loanda too much of this crude and corrupt infor-

mation. At all events, it can hardly be doubted that when he sent home his maps with letters containing his first impressions of the country, he expected that they would be improved by the erudition and mature geographical experience of Europe. Such a man, with sound understanding and singleness of purpose, certainly never looked for implicit submission to his hurried decisions, nor for fulsome praises. He well knew that his labours would be most fully appreciated by those who best understood them.

And let it be remarked that his routes, however they may seem to clash, are yet not in any degree incompatible. It has been shown to the Royal Geographical Society, that they may be easily reconciled by certain changes in the conjectural portions of the map, leaving the routes untouched, and in the names, which were doubtless often applied hypothetically; and, furthermore, that such changes would bring Dr. Livingstone into perfect accordance with those Portuguese authorities who are most worthy of attention.

The geographical errors and misconceptions here pointed out, appear more remarkable and ominous when considered as proceeding from the Royal Geographical Society. That learned body sometimes wanders in darkness, merely because it wilfully shuts its eyes against the light. It goes wrong just to vindicate its originality and to escape the suspicion of being guided by well-informed persons. Imagining that it is entitled to a monopoly of geographical knowledge, it regards all such information beyond its own narrow precincts as contraband. Hence, too, it systematically ignores all advances made in that department of learning, and in its annual accounts of the geographical literature of this country, as in its report of Dr. Livingstone's journey, whatever is novel and important is carefully suppressed. This is extremely illiberal and unbecoming on the part of a Society founded for the promotion of truth and knowledge. The Royal Geographical Society, as at present conducted, exerts an influence which tends to discourage geographical studies.

The paper read before the British Association, as given in the *Athenæum*, offers another striking instance of the obliquity of vision peculiar to the Royal Geographical Society. Allusion is therein made to "the great sea recently discovered on the eastern coast of Africa." This, doubtless, means the sea Ukerúwi, described from native reports by the Missionary Erhardt. But is this sea really a recent discovery? Is not Ukerúwi confessedly but another (the Northern) name for the sea described in the Society's Journal for 1845, as Lake Nyassa? It certainly has assumed a new shape and aspect; but with respect to this new shape, let us glance for an instant at its authenticity. Though in African geography there is much uncertainty, nevertheless we can here and there find a point or a line distinctly and surely marked. Thus Lacerda, an experienced observer, found the position of Moiro Achinto to be lat. 10° 20' 35" S., long. 30° 1' 48" E. Eight days further to the N.W. or N. stands the capital of the Cazembe, on the margin of a lagoon (probably a branch of the lake) which is said to extend a great distance to the north. Portuguese officers traced it down in that direction about 15 miles along its banks, and by eye 5 miles further. But they heard of great islands in the lagoon lower down, or northwards, and of refractory chiefs at a great distance in the same direction. Now if we compare this comparatively solid and well-ascertained information with the Missionary map of Ukerúwi, we find that the capital of the Cazembe is in the middle of the sea. And if, on the other hand, we retain that capital and allow a territory of 50 miles round it (a very moderate supposition), the central and characteristic portion of the sea is converted into land, and so the delusion vanishes. The sea, when removed from the country where we know certainly that it does not exist, subsides into the position already assigned to Lake Nyassa. Furthermore, it is evident that the map of Ukerúwi, which won the attention and praise of the Royal Geographical Society, was drawn in total ignorance or disregard of preceding investigations of far more accurate character. In fine, it is a groundless assertion that in the geography of the interior of

Africa there exists any utter inextricable confusion (Proc. R.G.S. iv. 93). There is much incompleteness, with diverse and contradictory opinions; but on this, as on other subjects, the power of distinguishing between the true and the false, the authentic and the fabulous, may be surely acquired by those who engage in the task with competent knowledge and, above all, with sincerity.

W. DESBOROUGH COOLEY.

WILLIAM YARRELL.

William Yarrell was born, in June 1784, in Duke Street, St. James's, where his father carried on the business of a newspaper agent, in which the son succeeded him; and which the latter continued to pursue in partnership with his relation, Mr. Jones, until the death of the latter, a few years since. Latterly he retired wholly from business, and gave himself up to his scientific pursuits. In early and middle life Mr. Yarrell was much devoted to field sports, particularly shooting and angling, in both of which he excelled, for the same cause as occasioned his excellence in whatever he undertook,—a thorough determination to master its difficulties, and a steady perseverance, which no obstacle could impede. He was considered one of the best shots of his time; and his feats in this sport are still remembered in the neighbourhood of Royston, in Hertfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, the frequent scene of his shooting excursions, in company with his friend Mr. Wortham, of that place. His principal angling companion, for a long time, was the late Mr. Frederick Nash, of Bishop's Stortford, whom the writer of this notice has often heard speak with admiration of Mr. Yarrell's success in his favourite sport, and with great affection for his estimable moral and social qualities. On becoming attached to the study of natural history, however, which took place not less than forty years since, he gradually gave up his former pursuits, and we believe that he neither handled the gun nor the rod for the last thirty years.

Whatever subject he took up he became in it an authority. From his knowledge of everything connected with shooting, the habits of the animals which were the objects of his sport, the points of excellence in dogs and horses,—and again in angling, the various habits of every species of fish, their variations in different localities, their seasonal changes, their food, all of which were made the subject of continual and accurate observation,—he became the oracle of sportsmen, young and old. It was the same in natural history. From his fondness for the two branches of sport above mentioned, it happened that the two classes of the animal creation which most engaged his attention were birds and fishes,—and his well-known works on the natural history of such of these classes as inhabit our islands are still, and will always continue, the text-books of British naturalists, on account of the truthfulness, the scientific accuracy, and the simple, yet graphic, descriptions by which they are characterized. From the time when he adopted this study he felt the full power of its fascination; and although he never sacrificed the duties of his business to his favourite pursuit, he found time in the intervals to master them, and every collateral subject which he attempted. He became, in fact, one of the most distinguished naturalists of this country. He was long a Vice-President of the Zoological Society, where the particular character of his scientific acquirements, his close observation, combined with his regular habits and knowledge of business, made him a most valuable acquisition to the counsels of the Society. In the Linnean Society, of which he became a Fellow in 1825, his value was highly appreciated. He was nominated a Vice-President by his friend, Mr. Robert Brown, the then President, and elected Treasurer in the year 1849,—and has been re-appointed and re-elected in every subsequent year. As an erroneous statement has been published relative to his proposed recommendation to the Royal Society, it is desirable that the facts should be stated. Many years since, long before the present plan of selecting a certain number of candidates by the Council was adopted, Mr.

Yarrell was proposed as a Fellow, and his certificate signed and suspended. At that time the Council had nothing whatever to do with the election, nor with recommendation of the candidates. Mr. Yarrell's scientific character was not so well known and appreciated as it has since become. A gentleman, long since deceased, who would afterwards have gladly recalled the act, expressed some objection to his being elected,—and his certificate was, from a feeling of delicacy on Mr. Yarrell's part, withdrawn; but subsequently, since the present system has been in action, the writer of this notice, with the full concurrence of many members of the Council, who were most desirous of his election, drew up a certificate in his favour, and obtained some signatures before he mentioned the subject to Mr. Yarrell,—hoping that when he knew such a step had been taken, he would consent to be put in nomination. On being informed, however, of this step, which there is no doubt would have met with the unanimous assent of the Council, he declined the honour only on the ground of advancing age, and his increasing inability to avail himself of the advantages of the position. This is the true history of the much-misrepresented circumstances in question.

In speaking of his intellectual and social qualities, it is difficult to do them justice without danger of appearing hyperbolic. His judgment was clear and sound, his appreciation of the value of facts and of evidence most accurate, his advice always practical and thoughtful. His truthfulness and simple-heartedness were even childlike, his temper gentle, his heart loving and affectionate, and he was liberal and charitable almost to the verge of imprudence. A kinder spirit never lived. His friendships were sincere and lasting; and only changeable on the discovery of worthlessness in the subject,—and then how hard was he to believe the painful truth! If ever man realized the beautiful apostolical definitions of Charity, it was William Yarrell. There were, indeed, in Mr. Yarrell's character many points of resemblance to that of Isaac Walton and of Gilbert White. The same charming *bonhomie*, and truthfulness, and simplicity, and elegant taste as in the former, and the close and accurate observation and clear and graphic description which characterized the writings of the latter.

On Sunday, the 3rd of August, just six weeks before his death, as he was returning from St. James's Church, which of late years he constantly attended, he felt himself seized with giddiness and a want of control over his steps. He stood still for a moment, and then by an effort reached his home. This attack proved to be a slight one of paralysis; from which, however, he so far recovered as to be able, on the Monday before his death, to attend a council of the Linnean Society, where he appeared as clear and nearly as well as usual. In answer to a wish expressed by a very intimate and attached friend, that he would soon be well enough to pay him a quiet visit, he said that, although pretty well, he felt a "woolliness" in the brain, and that he was still restricted in his diet, &c. However, on the following Saturday he felt himself sufficiently well to accompany an invalid friend to Yarmouth, as his protector; and the very last act of his life was one of kindness and friendship. On the following day he expressed how much he had enjoyed his voyage, took his moderate dinner with an appetite, and retired to bed with the prospect of a good night's rest. He was, however, shortly afterwards seized with difficulty of breathing, which continued and increased, notwithstanding medical aid, which was promptly obtained; and he breathed his last about half-past twelve on the Monday morning, September 1st, (not on Sunday, as has been stated,) in perfect tranquillity and peace. His remains were brought to town, and on Monday last, the 8th instant, he was buried at Bayford, in Hertfordshire, where a great number of his ancestors and kinsfolk lie. He was followed to the grave by his relations, Mr. Bird and Mr. Goldsmith, and his two most intimate friends, Mr. Van Voorst and Prof. Bell, the President of the Linnean Society. There were present, also, several of his Linnean friends, the Rev. Thomas Hugo, Mr. Kippist, the Librarian of the

Society, Mr. Pamplin, the botanical publisher, and others, who had come from London to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed friend.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We hear that the object of the preservation of the house in which Shakspeare is said to have been born is about to be effectually accomplished, by the bounty of a gentleman of the name of John Shakspeare (who claims to be descended collaterally from the Poet), resident not far from the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. He has given no less a sum than between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.*, in order that the small edifice in Henley Street may be separated from other buildings, and put in a condition to resist, as far as possible, the inroads of time. The money has actually, as we hear, been paid over to certain trustees, we believe forming at present the principal members of the corporation of Shakspeare's native town. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the house in Henley Street was some time since bought for the nation by subscription, the trustees of the fund having been the present Earl of Carlisle (then Lord Morpeth), the late Mr. Amyot, Mr. Payne Collier, and Dr. Thomson, of Stratford: if we are not misinformed, the sanction of Lord Carlisle has already been requested, with reference to the disposal of the new fund so liberally contributed by Mr. John Shakspeare, and his Lordship has replied, that he shall be perfectly satisfied with whatever Mr. Payne Collier and Dr. Thomson may determine. We apprehend, however, that the particular mode in which that new fund is to be applied must rest chiefly with the trustees of that fund. We have every confidence that the best advice will be obtained, both as to the isolation of the house in Henley Street and as to the most eligible means of preserving every atom of the original fabric. The chief reason for isolation is, of course, the security of the building from fire: at present, as everybody is aware, the dwelling is joined by old houses on each side. It seems probable that the modern improvements in the use and application of glass will enable the trustees to secure the small edifice from the injurious effects of the atmosphere. A fund for the preservation of the house has been long wanted, and for that most desirable purpose one zealous individual has now contributed nearly as much as was subscribed by the whole nation for the purchase of the building and the ground on which it is erected.

Mr. Hind, under the impression that the great comet of 1556 "is near at hand,"—in spite of its having been seen by the fanciful gentlemen who saw the sea-serpent floundering in the intellectual shallows of Bandon,—suggests that all those who possess good telescopes, and are desirous of finding the illustrious visitor, should lose no time. Mr. Hind is evidently afraid that this great comet may elude observation.

Mr. Spiers claims a few lines to protest against an injustice done to him as a man of letters by an American publisher. He writes:—

"13, Gloucester Place, Sept. 10.

"On the publication of my French Dictionary you deemed it worthy of a special mention in the columns of your journal. I have now to solicit for its author the publicity you will doubtless think due to a most hard case for a literary man, that of supporting the weight not only of his sins of commission, but those of omission; in short, that of having his name put to a work he has not written. One of the two rival publishers of my dictionaries—Mr. Appleton, of New York—has thought proper to add to my name that of another person, and has entitled my work 'Spiers' and —'s French Pronouncing Dictionary.' (I suppress the other gentleman's name, as he probably feels himself scarcely less aggrieved than I.) Now, has Mr. Appleton a right to couple my name to another at his will and pleasure, without asking me whether I will 'have this man to my wedded husband'—to live together in holy matrimony? If I show any just cause why we may not be joined together, may I not speak? I declare, then, there is a just impediment—incompatibility of temper—and I forbid the banns. To be married without

one's consent is—all those united in matrimony, at least, will confess—a tolerably hard case; but, as if this were not sufficient, Mr. Appleton has, refining his cruelty and improving his first impulse, added my name to a dictionary I have not written. If this be tolerated, is any man's name safe from profanation? I fear legal redress is not within reach. Public opinion can alone be brought to bear. I solicit your assistance on public grounds. It is not my cause, but that of the whole Republic of Letters.—Yours, &c., A. SPIERS."

The Council of the Society of Arts have received and adopted a recommendation from the Board of Examiners, to open "a public registry of all those persons who from time to time shall obtain the Society's certificates, and shall be desirous to procure employment. Through such a registry," the Board adds, "the Council would be enabled to afford to employers precise and accurate information—the result of a prolonged and searching inquiry—as to the attainments and intellectual ability of any of their certificated candidates." This suggestion we approve entirely. The Society of Arts cannot issue degrees, nor is it beyond dispute desirable that it should; but its diplomas, if wisely granted, may in time obtain a commercial value more available, and a social acceptance not less clear than the degrees issued by Oxford and Cambridge. The registry should supersede testimonials,—the use of which has become altogether objectionable and delusive. Five hundred leading signatures, including those of prelates, men of letters, bankers, merchants, and of public bodies and public companies, have been appended to a declaration, that such parties will receive with favour and respect the diplomas of the Society of Arts, granted after public examinations. But how are these parties to arrive at the successful candidates? Here is the thought which suggests a public registry of names and addresses.

Mr. Firminger, formerly assistant astronomer to the Rev. Navil Maskelyne, D.D., Royal Observatory, Greenwich, writes on the subject of Prof. Airy's recent letter:—

"Edmonton, September.

"It would appear from Mr. Airy's letter to the Editor of the *Athenæum* of the 25th of August, published in the *Athenæum* of August 30, that the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* is not very extensively acquainted with the popular publications of the present day, or he would not have given the disparaging account of the present condition of the astronomical instruments contained in the Royal Observatory, as stated in his leading article of that date. Had he inspected the 'Pictorial Handbook of London,' published by Bond, for the year 1854, he would have there found, at page 630, under the article Observatories, an account of the Royal Observatory from the time of its foundation in the reign of Charles the Second, together with a description of the astronomical instruments employed by the successive astronomers up to the present time. As this article comprises a space of thirty-six closely written pages, and contains the best and fullest information, both of the instruments and methods of observing with them, together with a short biographical account of the several astronomers and their labours from the commencement of the Observatory, I have thought that a notice of this book may be interesting on this occasion to many of your astronomical and scientific readers, who may be, like the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in ignorance of the immense alterations and improvements that have been made since the time of Dr. Maskelyne. I do not quite agree in opinion with Mr. Airy in thinking that an equatorial instrument of a more perfect construction should not form a part of the furniture of a national observatory, which in my opinion should be as complete as the improved state of astronomical instruments will admit. I see no reason to doubt but that such an instrument might be constructed as would be capable of giving results as correct as the altazimuth instrument. The great objection to this instrument hitherto has been the want of stability, rendering it available only as a comparative method of observation. The other objections mentioned by Mr. Airy might, I should think, be removed by the introduction of one or two more

assistants. A great difficulty would arise in erecting such an instrument advantageously in the present site of the Observatory; the lofty house which forms part of the dwelling of the Astronomer Royal; the high trees that surround, and the murky smoke of London, which almost surrounds and envelopes this spot, would greatly diminish the advantages otherwise to be derived from its use. This spot, however well chosen in the time of Flamsteed, when London was a mere village compared with its present enormous magnitude, cannot be the best for a National Observatory. Would not Shooter's Hill, by its elevation commanding a clearer and better horizon, be a more eligible site for a National Observatory, as not liable to the present local objections? and by railway as nearly or quite as convenient to London as Greenwich. A change to this spot might cost the nation 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*,—a mere trifle in the yearly expenditure of Government, nor could it be grudged when it is considered that to the improvements in science, particularly as applicable to navigation, this the most wealthy country in the world owes mainly its mercantile prosperity and greatness.

"I am, &c., T. FIRMINGER."

The Annual Congress of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has closed its labours,—and fixed upon Montreal as the place of meeting for next year.

The Lecomte trial is too curious an illustration of the manners, usages, licences, and courtesies of French law as applied to French journalism not to claim a record. Though less tragical in its details, it is hardly less characteristic, after its kind, than the Beauvallon and Dujaerrie trial. From the full report published in Belgium (we apprehend not permitted to enter within the barriers of French censorship), the following history may be sketched. Most readers of current French are conversant with the *feuilleton* of the *Indépendance Belge*, and with the Orientalisms (to be gentle) served up there, by M. Lecomte, in the shape of anecdotes,—as amusing, and, probably, about as well founded, as their writer's wondrous descriptions of the greediness of English *Misses*, the furniture of English *salons*, and other items of our London life and manners. Last year, to come to the point, the *feuilletonist*, being "dead against" Mlle. Rachel (whose proceedings furnished a canvas tempting to so skilful an embroiderer as M. Lecomte), was one of the loudest among those who welcomed Madame Ristori to Paris, as an actress

Of the first class, and better than her class.

When the lady returned to France, in 1856, the tune of the Belgian correspondent changed:—she was sneered at as exaggerated, violent,—without measure in her pretensions,—utterly overpraised,—a "cabotine" (to use the precise word), who had been trailed about in the Italian theatres for some twenty years, without exciting a sensation or winning a success in her own country. The cudgels were taken up by certain admirers of Madame Ristori, zealous in her defence;—on which, in another *feuilleton*, M. Lecomte abused the champions in question, as a herd of folk whose bayings were paid in *macaroni*, by the Italian lady. To this, the Editors of *La Pénlope*, *La Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, *La Tintamarre*, and *L'Aigle*, (nothing loth), replied by glancing at M. Lecomte's past life and some of its circumstances, as so many reasons why one so damaged in reputation (it was said) as he should, at least, be more cautious in assailing others, if he could not be consistent in his own career. Against these four journalists M. Lecomte brought his action for libel,—laying his damages at the modest sum of 40,000 francs. The advocate for the defendants, so far from denying the insinuations complained of,—which involved charges of imposture, forgery, and the like,—went to the root of the matter, referring to dates, law proceedings, past sentences, in proof that nothing libellous had been advanced. The advocate for the plaintiff admitted the truth of these allegations, pleading errors of youth, generous sentiments, and other such extenuating circumstances. The *Tribunal Correctionnel de la Seine* (to conclude) sentenced M. Lecomte to pay a fine of 100 francs for his

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delinquencies in print,—the Editor of *La Penelope* to like damages, and the three other offenders to a fine of 50 francs each,—each party to pay their own costs:—a sentence recalling the closing event of Mr. Sealy's Chinese tale of 'Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle,' which ordained that all the families of both innocent plaintiff and guilty defendant should be strangled,—to avoid undue partiality. For obvious reasons, we have merely outlined the bearings of this trial and its issue:—the scandal caused by which in the newspaper world of Paris has been great.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 4, Coventry Street, Leicester Square.—OPEN, for Gentlemen only, from 10 till 11. Containing upwards of 1,000 Models and Preparations, illustrating every part of the Human Frame in Health and Disease, the Races of Man, &c. Lectures are delivered at 12.5 and half-past 7, by Dr. SEXTON, F.R.G.S.; and at 4 p.m. precisely, by Dr. KAHN.—Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—Entire Series of Novelties.—Lecture, with Experiments and Dissolving Diagrams of BESSEMER'S New Process of Manufacturing IRON and STEEL, by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., every day at Three, and every evening, except Monday and Saturday, at Eight. New Entertainment by LECTURER BUCKINGHAM, Esq., entitled, 'LIFE in the WEST; or, EVERY-DAY LIFE in the LOG HUT and the CITY,' illustrated by a Series of highly-finished Dissolving Views, painted by G. HARVEY, Esq., from Sketches taken on the spot. MONTAGNA'S unique Collection of more than 100 FIGURES, exquisitely finished in Form and Dress, and illustrating with Ethnological Perfection SAVAGE and CIVILIZED LIFE in MEXICO, are now added, without extra charge, to the 3,000 Words of Art, Models, &c., exhibited daily. Re-engagement of Angus Fairbairn, Esq., and the Mimes Bennett, for their Scottish Musical Entertainment every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evening.

FINE ARTS

Notices of Sculpture in Ivory, consisting of a Lecture on the History, Methods, and Chief Productions of the Art. By M. Digby Wyatt. And a Catalogue of Specimens of Ancient Ivory-Carvings in various Collections. With Nine Photographic Illustrations, by J. A. Spencer. Printed for the Arundel Society.

THE seventh annual publication of the Arundel Society is now before us, and contains some pleasant variety from the monotony of the woodcuts from Giotto. Only four plates of the Arena Chapel are issued this year, to make way for a very elegantly designed volume, containing a Catalogue of Casts from Ancient Ivory-Carvings, prepared by Mr. Edmund Oldfield, and a Lecture upon Sculpture in Ivory, by Mr. Digby Wyatt. The volume is enriched with nine photographic illustrations, which may be considered as some of the most successful applications of the process. The lecture was read by Mr. Wyatt at the first general meeting of the Society in 1855, and embraced all the information extant upon the uses of ivory from the remotest times. The employment of ivory in combination with gold occurred to the Greeks at a very early period, if, indeed, they did not derive the idea from Oriental sources. Statues of a large size were constructed of these materials; but the exquisite fineness of the ivory favoured its application to the minutest works as well. The fact of the material not being intrinsically of any great value in later times, although formerly so highly esteemed, has tended to preserve some beautiful specimens of carving to our time.

Among the Romans, richly carved ivory was used for the covers of their *pugillares*—that is, note-books or writing tablets; and we find that "the *pugillares bipartites*, or *diptycha*, appear to have been objects frequently selected to form items among the 'apophoreta,' or after-dinner gifts to favourite guests; and the poet Martial, in a lively series of disticha, has celebrated a complete set of such offerings to friendship, which appear to have been distributed much after the fashion of the trifles which form the ornaments of Christmas-trees in the present day. Among them he makes playful allusion to various objects connected with the subject under consideration, such as money-boxes of ivory, or 'loculi eborei.' * * Such books were usually carved upon the outer faces of both leaves, which were hinged together with silver pins. The elaborate character of the carving in every specimen that has descended to our time, and the value of the material, fairly lead to the assumption that ivory *pugillares* were used only by the wealthiest classes."

The leaf of a Roman diptych, from the treasury of the Cathedral at Monza, may either represent Valentinian the Third and Galla Placidia, or Valentinian the Second and Justina, and is, as a work of Roman decadence, especially interesting. It appears to great advantage in the delicate photographic reduction inserted in these pages. But perhaps the best specimen of all is the large frontispiece photograph, taken from the leaf of a book-cover

of the sixth century, in the treasury of the Cathedral of Milan. The square compartments, surrounding the Agnus Dei within a wreath, display subjects that have evidently been derived from larger sculptures,—probably the Sarcophagi of the early Christian times. The subjects are some of them peculiarly Greek, and display a large style of composition. A more extensive work, in the same material, and also of the sixth century, is too important to be passed over.—

"We have, hitherto, spoken only of Ivory-carving executed on thin *plaques*; we now approach a class of remains in which the tooth or tusk has been used either in a more entire or a more solid form. Of such, the most important relic known is the state-chair, or throne, of Maximian, Archbishop of Ravenna from A.D. 546 to 556. M. du Sommerard thus describes this remarkable monument, which was originally placed as the seat to be used by the Archbishops of Ravenna, during their attendance on the sacred offices, in the Presbytery of the Cathedral of that city. It is entirely covered with plates of ivory in high relief, representing subjects from Holy Writ. In the lower part of the throne are portrayed the Deity and the four Evangelists, framed in borders of a very singular style. These borders are composed of scrolls of foliage issuing from a vase, and including in their convolutions birds and animals of various descriptions, as well as fruits and flowers. Above the part which forms the seat, the back is also covered with bas-reliefs, both externally and internally. Among the various subjects the most remarkable are—the Baptism in the River Jordan, the Annunciation, the Flight into Egypt, the Adoration of the Shepherds. These bas-reliefs are similarly divided to those which cover the lower part of the throne. The arms are also enriched with elaborate carving, worthy of the friend of Justinian the Great. Having been regarded as a holy relic from the period of the death of Maximian to the present, it has fortunately escaped destruction and desecration; and but for the beautiful tint with which time has invested it, it would wear an aspect not little different from that of a costly piece presented in the lifetime of the illustrious prelate for whom it was made. This valuable object can hardly have been all wrought at one time, as Dr. Kugler distinctly traces in it the handling of three different artists, who could scarcely have all lived at the same period. Some of the plates resemble diptychs. Thus, the series portraying the history of Joseph in Egypt is quite classical; another, and less able artist in the same style, provided the plates for the back; and in one set of five single figures the Greek artist stands apparent. The simplest explanation appears to be, that the throne was made up by the last-mentioned artist out of materials provided for him, and that what was wanting to make it entire was supplied by him."

Mr. Wyatt's lecture contains also many evidences of his acuteness of observation and fineness of perception. The following artistical notes relate to an important and scantily illustrated period of sculpture.—

"No problem is more difficult to the archaeologist than to affix dates to Byzantine antiquities, owing to the religious adherence to certain traditional types through many succeeding centuries. The following broad principles may, however, I think, be generally assumed in judging of ivories, as of mosaics and other objects. From about 380 to 527, i.e., from Constantine to Justinian, Greek and Latin Art were almost identified. In Justinian's time the new elements, to which allusion has been made in our notice of the diptych of Anastasius, became first apparent; and although the details of technical execution were still borrowed from the antique, they were modified to a remarkable extent. Roundness of modelling and breadth of composition were almost entirely neglected, surface-decoration and elaborate linear marking taking their place. The Riccardi diptych, showing the Emperor seated on his throne beneath a species of ciborium, with the new feature of a domical roof, exhibits this change yet more distinctly than the diptych of Anastasius. While Latin Art fell away altogether after the age of Justinian, Greek skill rather increased than diminished for about two centuries subsequent to that period. This gradual improvement was, however, checked by the persecutions instituted by the iconoclasts under Leo the Isaurian, A.D. 726, when the treatment they experienced at home drove forth multitudes of intelligent artists and artificers over the whole face of Europe. The Roman pontiffs gladly gave shelter to them, giving up the monasteries attached to Sta. Maria in Cosmedin for their use. From this celebrated seminary, or 'Scuola Greca,' as it was called, ready-made artists were furnished to the rest of Europe, and France, England, and Germany were visited by the refugees. Hence probably proceeded much of that technical improvement which, superadded to local classical tradition, went far to create the Carolingian style of Art, which we have already noticed as the basis of Gothic in the north and west of Europe. During the period of persecution, which endured for about 120 years, the traditions of antique Art were so impaired in the Eastern Empire, that when the Byzantine sovereigns desired to take up the lost thread, they found that it could no longer be recovered. In the celebrated 'Menologion,' executed for the Emperor Basil II. in the tenth century, which presents us with miniatures of the subjects lawful to be portrayed by the artists of his empire, the compositions betray unmistakably the influences brought to bear upon the old Greek masters during their long migrations. From the date of the execution of the Menologion, however, Byzantine progress was rapid, completely distancing all foreign competition; and in the eleventh century the highest perfection of this school was attained."

After describing the use of various kinds of teeth as well as ivory for carving, especially the walrus

tusks, and different horns used for drinking and hunting, as seen in Scandinavian Art, Mr. Wyatt brings his history down to Medieval times.—

"Until the end of the thirteenth century, artists appear to have employed themselves almost exclusively upon religious subjects, but in the fourteenth they allowed themselves more liberty; and we must look to the secular as much as to the ecclesiastical carvings of this period for true artistic style and genius. * * Ivory was a good deal collected in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries for the hands of croziers, pastoral staves of which the Soltykoff collection preserves two noble specimens, and the 'baculi cantorum,' or batons for leading choirs. It was also much used for the handles of the *aspergatoria*, or holy-water sprinklers, and of the *flabella*, or fly-flappers, which were waved to drive away the flies which might approach to desecrate the sacred vessels in the performance of the offices of the church. Many of these last-named objects were exquisitely carved, and a magnificent specimen of early date is possessed by M. Carrand, of Paris. They occur in ancient inventories indifferently under the titles of *flabella*, *muscaria*, *emouchoirs*, *eventours de plumes*, and *musifugia*. Both paxes and pixes were occasionally made of ivory, as were the distaffs used by ladies of rank, who rarely altogether abandoned the primitive occupation of spinning. The skill of the artificer in this material was also frequently demanded to decorate the backs of mirrors, which, as well as ornamented combs, were in the greatest possible vogue in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The subjects which were treated on these mirror-cases were of the gayest description, and love-making forms an important item in the majority of instances."

The illustrations of some of these objects are very happy, especially one from the side of a mirror-case about A.D. 1300.

Our last quotation marks the change that took place in the choice of subjects—a difference, in fact, that equally pervaded painting, sculpture, and metal-work, when pagan stories were preferred before religious considerations.—

"Towards the close of the fifteenth century a very palpable change took place, not only in the subjects selected for representation in ivory, but in the objects to which the carving was applied. Devotional tablets become less frequent, and Pagan divides the field with Christian mythology. * * At length, in the sixteenth century, the old legendary and romantic subjects were abandoned, and instead of ivory-carving being called in to assist the cause of religion and morals, as it invariably did in the Middle Ages, it was too often made to pander to an elegant though somewhat prurient taste, and that in the productions of the best artists, such as Jean Goujon himself. Nudity was sought rather than avoided in the statuettes. The loves of the gods were the favourite subjects of the bas-reliefs, while Bacchuses and Silenuses, Nymphs and Fauns, were made to sprawl about very gracefully, but not always very decorously, upon ivory tankards and portions of hanaps and *wiederkums*. The 'pingliers,' or comb-makers, who also made mirrors, soon added to their trade the manufacture of sword and dagger hilts, powder-horns, and knife and spoon handles. Infinite dexterity in the execution of spirited arabesques was constantly lavished upon these costly trifles, specimens of which may be found in every collection of ivory-carvings of any importance. Some remarkably pretty objects of this kind, selected with great judgment, are possessed by M. Sauvageot and M. Carrand, of Paris. The late Mr. Bernal had also some choice relics of the best period of the French 'Renaissance.' It is difficult to trace from what cause ivory ceased to a great extent to be employed for articles of personal use in France in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. Certain it is, however, that with the exception of statuettes, occasional bas-reliefs, stick-handles, and snuff-boxes, ivory was but rarely used in that country during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is to Italy and Germany that we must mainly look for a continuation of the history of ivory-carving during those centuries."

The remaining half of the book is a catalogue of existing carvings, arranged in classes, but interspersed with some striking photographs.

It is but justice to mention, that the formation of this rich collection of casts of ivory-carvings is due to the zeal and energy of Mr. Alexander Nesbitt and of Mr. Westwood. These gentlemen procured them originally for their own gratification, and have since transferred the property to the Arundel Society.

A few words yet remain to be said upon the four woodcuts from Giotto. The first of these (No. 23 of the series) represents the Marriage in Cana. Here, the originality of the painter manifests itself, both in the occupation of every figure and in the foreground incidents which he has devised; whilst for costume, especially in the Greek princess style of the centre seated figure, he marks his adhesion to the Byzantine forms. No. 24, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' is the prototype of Giovanni Gaddi's design, engraved in Ottley's 'Early Florentine School'; and the difference of material in the engraving only makes us the more regret that wood was chosen for this series. Mr. Williams's own drawings seem to have been of first-rate accuracy. No. 25, 'The Entry

into Jerusalem,' is very poor, excepting, however, two figures in the act of pulling off their cloaks to lay before the Saviour. Although the act comes somewhat tardily off, nothing can be more true to nature or original in point of conception than is this motive. No. 26, 'The Expulsion from the Temple,' is also weak in the main group intended to form the subject of the picture; but the child hiding itself in the folds of the left-hand figure is an incident which both Domenichino and Guido delighted to pourtray.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Exhibition at Ghent.

A Belgian town, the day after a royal visit, looks dismal enough to the ordinary sight-seer,—who cannot fail to be struck by the silence and vacuity of the place—by such doleful sights as triumphal arches in process of demolition—by traces of lamps burnt out and garlands withered. But there are travellers who will prefer to come after the crowd, quietly to move about and appreciate what manner of preparations have been made,—sufficiently familiar with pageant-work to be able to people square and street, church and causeway, with crowds civil and military. In such an aspect as this, I have been glad to look at the fine city of Ghent the day after the feast, glad to be spared the shouting and the jostling, while I satisfied myself anew of the heartiness, cost, and skill with which King Leopold's subjects have devised shows to do him honour. In like manner, it was pleasant to have the modern Exhibition of Pictures to one's self, by arriving the day after it was closed, the day before its component works were scattered. Let it be noted, for the benefit of future summer tourists, that these Belgian collections of modern paintings generally shut their doors on the 1st of September; and that my entry was a happy accident, not a rule on which others may count.

It is said that this Exhibition has been sparingly visited: are not all displays of the kind, by their frequency, becoming too mechanical? There are fewer good paintings, at all events, if fewest bad, at Ghent than in any former Belgian Exhibition among the half-dozen which I have sketched in years past for the readers of your journal. The quantity of fair manipulation may be larger than formerly, but the amount of ambitious thought successfully wrought out is assuredly less. The pleasure for this year will be found in the *tableaux de genre*, small landscapes, conversation pieces, episodes of real life,—not in the great historical works. M. Gallait exhibits nothing, M. Wappers nothing, and M. de Keyser a work that will add little to his reputation. This is the often-painted 'Massacre of the Innocents,'—a subject dear to artists who desire a pretext to introduce violent attitudes, to paint dead flesh, and to express the workings of one agony—and that one woman's bitterest—on many faces. Treated at its best, with as much beauty tempering the horrors of the butchery as Guido managed to exhibit in his picture at Bologna,—the outcry, the horror, the despair of the event, admit of no relief; and it is hardly possible for the artist to avoid touching the melo-drama of Art, in place of rising to the sublimities of its tragedy. M. de Keyser has not treated it at its best, nor at his best. Composition has been obviously aimed at, and not a naked literal presentment; but the lines fall awkwardly, and the principal figure has a touch of what is theatrical in her agony. The tone of colour, too, is unpleasant,—tan, hot, and wanting in transparency. With this may be mentioned another large and ambitious picture, a 'Suicide of Judas,' by M. Portaels, which, again, can hardly have been chosen save as a study of physical horror, and as giving scope for flinging down the figure, so as to do credit to the artist's command over foreshortening. The work is academically clever: a church picture it can hardly be called, yet it has not individuality enough to carry off its repulsiveness, and thus to force its admission into a gallery. Strength, it may be repeated, is not to be gained by selecting junctures of frenzied emotion as matter for the painter; yet this, I

fancy (not for the first time), the Belgian artists are somewhat fond of doing. They are apt to be eccentric when they desire to be original. Power (to give another instance) has been thrown away by M. Wittecamp, of Antwerp, in his 'Ladies of Crève-cœur,' the three brave women of Bouvignes, who held out the castle when it was besieged by the French in 1554; and, when, at last, the invaders broke in, who flung themselves from a tower into the Meuse, preferring death to dishonour. The moment chosen is the very last:—the feet of one of the three have already left their hold, and she is sustained over the abyss by her companions, the central one of whom turns to defy the marauders with indomitable scorn in her flaming countenance. The white drapery of the three heightens the ghastly effect of the scene, and offered a technical difficulty to be overcome, which is skilfully mastered. But the work, as a whole, repels by its strangeness, rather than moves grief and pity. A quieter picture, also by M. Wittecamp, is a widow lady in a mourning veil offering a lighted taper, in a church, before a crucifix, the illuminated feet of which alone are seen, hanging down in an upper corner of the canvas, these making an intrusion, not marking a truth. A third work from the same hand is 'John the Partricide,' after the murder of Albert, Emperor of Austria, surprised by a snow-storm in the Alps. As a piece of painting this is vigorous and brilliant:—the head of the wanderer, with the Cain's mark of unquenchable fire on his forehead and in his eyes, is another justification of the comment just offered:—the peasant guide is excellent. M. de Winne's 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' an ecstatic presentation of the Agony in the Garden, and the 'Stabat Mater,' by M. Hendrix, will complete the list of the attempts at high historical Art by Belgian painters in the Ghent Exhibition which claim mention. There is a work from Paris, by M. Paul Delaroche, which, be it bad or good, is one that will not be passed,—a picture of a female saint drowned in the Tiber—the scene a night scene—lit up by the glory which, the legend goes on to say, hovered over the corpse as it floated down the stream. There is something unearthly and fantastic, perhaps, rather than religious, in this idea,—giving it great beauty, if not deep holiness. The figure floats,—Heaven is already on the dead face,—and the two dark watchers on the bank above, scarcely seen through the night, suggest remorse and awe. As a modern legendary picture, in short, this is an original work, open to question though its originality be,—and though in its painting it is outdone by more than one of the exaggerated works with which it is here mentioned.

To complete these remarks, I will pass through the Catalogue, as it is here arranged, alphabetically,—classification being hardly possible. 'Le Bonheur,' by M. Boulanger, of Brussels, is a pretty, though affected, composition of a Lady in blue satin, with a naked child in her lap, above whom its father, a brown-complexioned man clad in black, is dangling a bunch of grapes,—the thing tried for having been colour, rather than real domestic felicity. M. Eugène de Block's 'Réverie,' a musing girl, is elegant. The 'Shore at Pollet, Dieppe,' by M. de Fontenay, of Paris, is bright and firm enough to astound those who have been used to sweep down the French wholesale as a people incapable of landscape-painting. I have met M. Dell'Aquila, of Brussels, before; there is mostly something harsh, improbable, and tricky in his pictures, but something, too, that seizes the eye. Here he has Antonello (de Messina?) painting a Churchman, dressed in a fantastic piebald costume, all tagged and striped, and turning his back on his scarlet-robed subject (already in attitude) while he prepares his palette. M. Dillens, of Brussels, too, is no stranger to me: he is constant to subjects and costumes near home,—exhibiting this year a group of Walcheren folk, almost too strange in their attire to be legitimately pictorial. Passing our own Mr. Frith's well-known scene from 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' (which holds its place capably here), a long pause might well be made at 'The Hall of Magistrates in the Town Hall at Antwerp,'—so luminously, delicately, and firmly has this rich interior, animated by the presence of two figures in

old dresses, been painted by M. Geeraerts: a more satisfactory work of its class it would be impossible to name. There is a true German poem here by Herr Hubner, of Düsseldorf,—a family of peasant emigrants praying in a village churchyard, as their last farewell to home. An old mother tells her beads at a cross; behind her are two younger females, with an oak-garland, and betwixt these a little girl, too young to feel the heartbreak of such grief. Others of the troop are looking over the rude inclosure, and streaming out of the village, which will be a sad and desolate place on the morrow. The reality and sentiment in the composition and all its arrangements belong to the highest order of domestic painting. Every accessory, too, is touched with a precision as to form and surface, which our Pre-Raphaelites do not always reach; but the colour, even allowing the time to be evening, by way of throwing the sadness of Death's decline over the scene, is grave, dull, and feeble. Painted with a palette of purer tints, and more decided touch, this picture would be first-rate. Herr Kindler (another Düsseldorf contributor) has a capital peasant girl—also in boor's costume,—rejoicing her hour of solitary idleness by thinking of some Fritz or Johann.—A brilliant picture, though of a somewhat 'screaming' brilliancy (to use a German epithet), is a Hunting-piece, by M. Kuytenbrower, of Brussels. A company of lords, ladies, and their followers, riding hard to be in at the death of a stag, hard by a forest pool in a glade, which might belong to the Forest of Ardenne, did not remembrance of

The shade of melancholy boughs associate itself, somehow, with that forest. Here all is sunlight, gorgeous colour, rich green-blue shadow, noise, vivacity and contrast.—Herr Maesen (of Düsseldorf) has a boat full of pilgrims and priests crossing the Rhine at the foot of the Apollinarisberg,—a pleasing and musical picture of what we fancy these things may be from afar:—the dirt, ignorance, and superstition of the shabby truth being permissibly idealized.—M. Marschauw, of Antwerp, has a pleasing home scene, of a comely woman at a house-door making children happy on St. Martin's day, by giving them little presents. The enamelled manner, and subdued but rich colour, remind one of M. von Brakeler; for some of whose works, as also of some by M. Van Hove, I looked in vain.—A grotesque animal picture, being a cat frightened by the sight of a Polichinelle, and an Interior, bright as a De Hooghe, by M. Rousseau, of Paris,—another painting of animals by M. Stevens, of Paris, (who may, possibly, have looked very hard at Tintoretto's pictures, to judge from his colouring).—Dutch city views, by MM. Springer and Van Bommel, of Amsterdam,—and three excellent little landscapes of home scenery, by M. Vermeer, of the Hague,—are also noted, as claiming a good word. But I cannot think that the Exhibition ranks high in the series of which it forms a link.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Sir Benjamin Hall has at length resolved the problem of the Wellington monument,—and in a way to satisfy the most sceptical that Baron Marochetti has not obtained the commission. Artists of all countries are invited to compete. So much is gained; but if Sir Benjamin desires to satisfy the just requirements of the public, he will go a step further. That the competition is open to all is a fact only valuable so far as it may imply that the competition is real; if any secret leaning towards a particular sculptor—we will not say a secret resolution—exists, the public competition is a waste and an insult, and the Commissioner of Works must guard against the slightest suspicion of unfair dealing. Hence the policy of submitting the models to public inspection, and taking a public verdict on their merits, before awarding the commission.

The National Gallery and the Vernon Gallery are both closed for the usual holidays. They will re-open in six weeks, by which time the institution may be enriched by fresh works of the old masters. Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Otto Mündler are now in Italy, examining and buying pictures.

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In speaking of M. Claudet's gallery the other day, we omitted to state that the paintings which adorn Mr. Barry's pannels and walls are by M. Hervieu, the French artist, and consist of a beautiful series of allegories, illustrating the progress of art and science,—both of which meet in photography. The gallery is a perfect specimen of design, modelling, and decoration. Of the Art-works which it is meant to exhibit—works worthy of the gallery—we have already spoken.

The Doncaster Cup is on view at Mr. Hancock's, Bruton Street. It is a silver statuette of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, and is intended as a graceful memorial of the meeting of the sovereigns of France and England,—an historical event well deserving an Art-commemoration. The cup—which, by the by, is no cup, no more than a shoeing-horn is horn—represents the Emperor in full uniform, mounted on his favourite charger. The base is enriched with a shallow bas-relief, of trifling design, representing the actual moment of meeting. Considering that such Art work as this is not very profitable to the artist, whose name seldom occurs (always a melancholy sign of one sort of patronage), this cup is really creditable; the figure is well balanced, and there is an easy lightness in the horse's limbs and the pose of the metal as a mass. The bronze ground, however, is a mere lump of earth; and the pedestal, though plain, is not much improved by its twelfth-century ornaments of flimsy shields and figures.

"It is worth every one's while," writes a friend, "for once, to break the journey to Paris by stopping for a day's study of Amiens: one of the cheerful, as distinguished from the dead, provincial towns of France,—full of picturesque combinations of running water, tumble-down houses, and those old dismantled fortifications, which turn out so well as gardens and public walks,—full of more distinguished matter for many a morning's enjoyment in its Cathedral. The front of this edifice, which looks as if it were making a reverence before the building, instead of proudly rising before and above it, is undergoing one of those thorough restorations, stone by stone, final by final, which should do M. Hugo's heart good,—since the possibility thereof was despaired of by him twenty years ago. Within the Cathedral, too, there is new work:—the restored chapel of Saint Theodosia, a votive offering of the present Empress, made when there was no hope of an heir to the present Empire, richly decorated with three painted windows in the style of those of the *Sainte Chapelle*,—otherwise, fine and flagrant in the choice of colours and taste of patterns with which every inch is covered,—more than ordinarily objectionable in the treatment of the pannels, which, albeit they range in design with the windows, need not, therefore, have been filled with distemper work, in tracery identical with that of the stained glass,—thus becoming obtrusive and offensive as a 'sham.'"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HAYMARKET.—The company at this theatre have ventured on another Shaksperian revival, and this time with much better result than the last. The play of 'As You Like It' was produced on Thursday week for the purpose of introducing a Miss Booth, a niece of the once famous Sally Booth, who is still living, as the witty and romantic *Rosalind*. It is not to be expected that any fair novice should be able to thread her way through the labyrinth of a character so highly elaborated by our master-poet, with complete satisfaction to the critical mind. But young ladies appear to choose *Rosalind* as young gentlemen choose *Hamlet*, not because the parts are in themselves easy of being accomplished, but because they are acceptable even when only respectably performed, and furnish opportunities for novices to display various degrees of aptitude. They are so built up that they sustain the performer from scene to scene, even when imperfectly represented. Miss Booth has evidently been a docile pupil, and has learnt every turn of the stage-business, and a large amount of stage-

action, which, however, she produces with a certain timidity and crudeness characteristic of the learner. We must wait, therefore, until we witness her performance of a character in which she is more dependent on her original resources of conception and execution before we can pronounce on her pretensions. She appears to be yet very young, not without confidence, but with a hardness of manner, and a want of flexibility in the voice productive of monotony. She sang, however, the cuckoo-song charmingly. Mr. Chippendale acted *Old Adam* with a degree of feeling and propriety that excited frequent plaudits. Mr. Farren was a careful *Orlando*, and Mr. Howe as *Jaques* fully justified the good opinion which we have lately expressed of his maturing talents. He is an instance of what long practice and conscientious earnestness in art may ultimately achieve, even with limited means. Mr. Compton as *Touchstone* was more than usually humorous. We remark in general that the delivery of the performers was altogether improved in tone. There were greater breadth of style and decision of utterance, as if they were gaining confidence with a better acquaintance with the Shaksperian text. Such care and attention are what we have a right to expect at a theatre so favourably situated; and we rejoice to find that remonstrance has been rewarded by so great a reformation.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This theatre re-opened for the season on Saturday with the tragedy of 'Macbeth.' Notwithstanding the want of novelty in the announcement, the house was crowded in every part. There was little that was new in the cast. Mr. A. Rayner appeared for the first time, in *Banko*, and his rich fine voice came out with excellent effect in the apostrophe to the Witches. Mr. Phelps played the ambitious Thane with minute attention to every phrase in the text, bringing out the full meaning of the speeches, and illustrating the situations with well-practised action. Mr. Marston, also, in *Macduff*, was equally elaborate and forcible. The long experience of this company with the Shaksperian modes of expression and habits of thought gives them a command over the dialogue not generally appreciable elsewhere. The weight of their delivery, however, in these "fast days," may be regarded by some as extreme; but those who still linger with pleasure on the recollection of the elocution that distinguished the stage in past times are glad to meet with the traces of it that are still recognizable on the Islington boards. That there are still many who do so was testified by the overflowing audience of the first night, and the enthusiasm manifested as each old favourite entered the accustomed arena, and when the manager, at the conclusion of the tragedy, was recalled before the curtain.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—On Monday next Drury Lane Theatre and the Lyceum Theatre will open for the new season. Mr. Smith announces a burlesque of 'Pizarro' at Drury Lane, and the new manager of the Lyceum, Mr. Charles Dillon, proposes to open with a burlesque, in which Miss Woolgar is to appear, and with 'Belphegor,' in which the manager and his wife are to ask acceptance from their new public.

The Olympic Theatre closes this evening for the season.

At the Surrey Theatre, which re-opened on Monday, an adaptation of the French piece, 'Le Sang Mélé,' by M. E. Plouvier, has been produced with great success, under the title of 'The Half Caste.' The hero, a Guadalupe slave, is named *Maximus Marol*, and is performed by Mr. Creswick with indisputable effect; and the scenic illustrations are picturesque, and carefully corroborated with stage accessories. This melo-dramatic class of piece seems to be demanded by the audiences at this house.

We have the following from a Correspondent.—

Seeing that, a few months ago, some remarks were offered in the *Athenæum* by a Correspondent, on Signor Costa's superfluously scenic reading of Handel's chorus, "For unto us a child is born," and, by myself, in reply, on the licence

which should—or should not—be accorded to conductors in their treatment of certain music, it may be worth while, as a piece of minute criticism, to notice the change made by Signor Costa when conducting 'The Messiah,' at Bradford, the other day, in modification of the violent contrast which has hurt many ears—mine among the number. He began the chorus, as of old, *pianissimo*, till the first "Wonderful!" breaks in,—afterwards resumed the subject *piano*, till the first repetition of the explosion,—thirdly, took it up *mezzo-forte*, so as to make the third burst still less abrupt, and thus to prepare for the final jubilant entry of the voices *forte*, leading up to the magnificent close of the movement. This working out the obvious idea of a *crescendo* by progressive gradations was effective as ingenious, a vast improvement on the former reading,—though still not as satisfactory as a more thorough trust in the simple notes of the composition would be,—at least, to old-fashioned lovers of Handel.

The Gloucester Festival has been held during the week.

At the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, 'Guillaume Tell' has been revived, with some attempt at splendour, and restoration of the third and fourth acts, as originally written, the same having been (as all the world knows) pulled about and compressed when the work was given with M. Duprez as *Arnold*, and in the altered form only successful. The result of the ill-imagined experiment may be guessed,—disappointment;—the more inevitable because the *Grand Opéra* has now only second-rate singers at its disposal. M. Meyerbeer is now in Paris,—waiting, it is said, the result of the *début* of Madame Borghi-Mamo, in 'Le Prophète,' ere he determines whether to give to the great musical theatre 'L'Africaine,'—or, failing this, the new comic opera, without chorus, and with only three vocalists, which he has completed,—to the *Opéra Comique*. Of any intentions on his part to essay an oratorio we hear no longer a whisper. It is said that M. Girard has resigned the direction of the orchestra at the *Grand Opéra*,—a post for which, in truth, he was inadequately fitted.

At the *Opéra Comique* no new work seems to have pleased since 'L'Etoile' was given. Whether the solution of this is, that M. Meyerbeer exhausts every theatre into which he enters, and that French composers are exhausted, let M. Meyerbeer and MM. Auber, Halévy and Thomas settle betwixt themselves. The success of M. Reber's 'Père Gaillard' ought to have entitled him to another chance, yet we hear of no new work by him forthcoming. Meanwhile, the management has been reviving 'Zampa,' with some pomp and pains,—the principal parts being taken by Madame Ugalde, Mdlle. Lemerrier, MM. Barbot and Mocker.

Hardly a week passes in which drama or opera, player or singer, author or idea-monger, do not figure in the law courts of Paris: but of late the trials have been more numerous than ever. Reserving the *procès* Lecomte for a separate notice, we may for the moment advert to the recent dispute betwixt Signor Liguoro and the present management of the Italian Opera at Paris,—which has taken fright, it seems, at the contract entered into by its predecessor, to produce a certain *Trilogia Dantesca*, the ambitious nature of which composition has been already adverted to in the *Athenæum*. Signor de Liguoro applied for damages, or "pressure from above," to compel the new management to bring his work to light. The Court decided on awarding Signor de Liguoro 80*l.* of damages against Signor Salvi, the ex-manager, by whom the contract was made;—but condemned him to bear the expense of the action against M. Calzado, Signor Salvi's successor.—Then we find the *Société Henrichs*—which prevents musicians from having their tunes sung without authority in *cafés*, smaller concerts, or elsewhere—accomplishing a seizure at one of those entertainments in the Elysian Fields, where a blue, and a white, and a yellow lady, with one black-bearded gentleman, (generally comic), and, if the establishment thrive, a harp or a *cornet-a-piston*, make shrill, but not sad noises, calling themselves music, on Sundays and holidays. The proprietor had got 60*l.* into arrears with his authors, and was visited accordingly.—A third trial, setting forth the secrets of collaboration, is more French and curious even than these. This was the contest betwixt M. le Marquis de Prato d'Arnesano and Il Conte Pietro Adolfridi Tadini, on grounds like the following:—

The Marquis, it appears, had contracted with the Count to write five melo-dramas, price 40*l.* each,—the Count to find the ideas, the Marquis strictly to follow them, and merely (says the official report) "to be responsible for purity of style and the harmony of verse." The work was to bear the Count's name, and two-fifths of it,—a 'Buy Blas' and an 'Ettore Fieramosca,'—were produced, in entire agreement with the conventions. On delivering Nos. 3 and 4,—'The Count of Montreuil' and the 'Chevalier de Bourbon,'—the Marquis resolved to have his share in the glory, and demanded of the *Tribunal de Commerce* to justify him in forcing his name before the public, as the Count's better-half. A pleasant case of partnership, truly! The Court declared its incompetence to deal with the matter.

MISCELLANEA

British Museum Reading-room.—"Being a Government official, and but rarely released from duty until four in the afternoon, I sincerely thank the *Athenæum* for its persistent calls for increased access to our national library. It happens that I have a particular occasion just now to examine books not otherwise accessible to me, and am smarting with the loss of my daily hour-and-a-half in the Reading-room, of which September, with that odious alarm and 'fall out' at five, instead of six o'clock, has deprived me. Turning the matter over, a simple and efficacious means of affording an invaluable concession to a numerous and important class of students has occurred to me, and I beg to bring it to the notice of your journal, and—should it meet with approval—to the notice of those who have the power of interfering with the present regulations. Let Government lease, or purchase, a house (in Montague Place, or Street), to which a back entrance could be obtained from the Museum, and let the first and second floors be fitted up for the accommodation of readers, and thrown open every evening from six till ten. Let the books required by night-readers be obtained in the usual manner, during the day, at the present reading-room, and let them be placed on one side, labelled with the readers' names, and removed to the night-rooms in light covered trucks, containing trays or shelves. By this means, a very small portion of our 'literary treasures' would at any time be exposed to casualty, while as much access would be afforded to the whole as if readers were enabled to attend during the day. Arrangements might, of course, be made by the preparation of duplicate catalogues, which would obviate the necessity of this attendance during the day to select and secure books for the evening; but I forbear suggesting so large an additional outlay, while the call for it is not imperative. There are few, if any, who would be unable to find a spare hour once during the week or fortnight; and, with due forethought, that time would amply suffice. Though catalogues and plenty of books of reference would be precious things, we could endure the inconvenience of being without them, for, as the proverb has it, 'Better is half a loaf than no bread.' You will perceive that my suggestion only provides for a limited number of persons really engaged in study or literary research. If our national library, or any portion of it, is to be made accessible to the general public—"to the workman in his only leisure hour, at night,"—another building and another library would have to be provided for the purpose, unless, indeed, my proposal were carried out on an extended scale in combination with a library of duplicates. No increase of the permanent staff of the Museum would be requisite; since, I take it, a proper scale of allowances for overtime would leave the official very well satisfied with the innovation. Every possible expense would be covered by three or four hundred pounds per annum, and surely our Collective Wisdom would never grudge so trifling a sum.

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